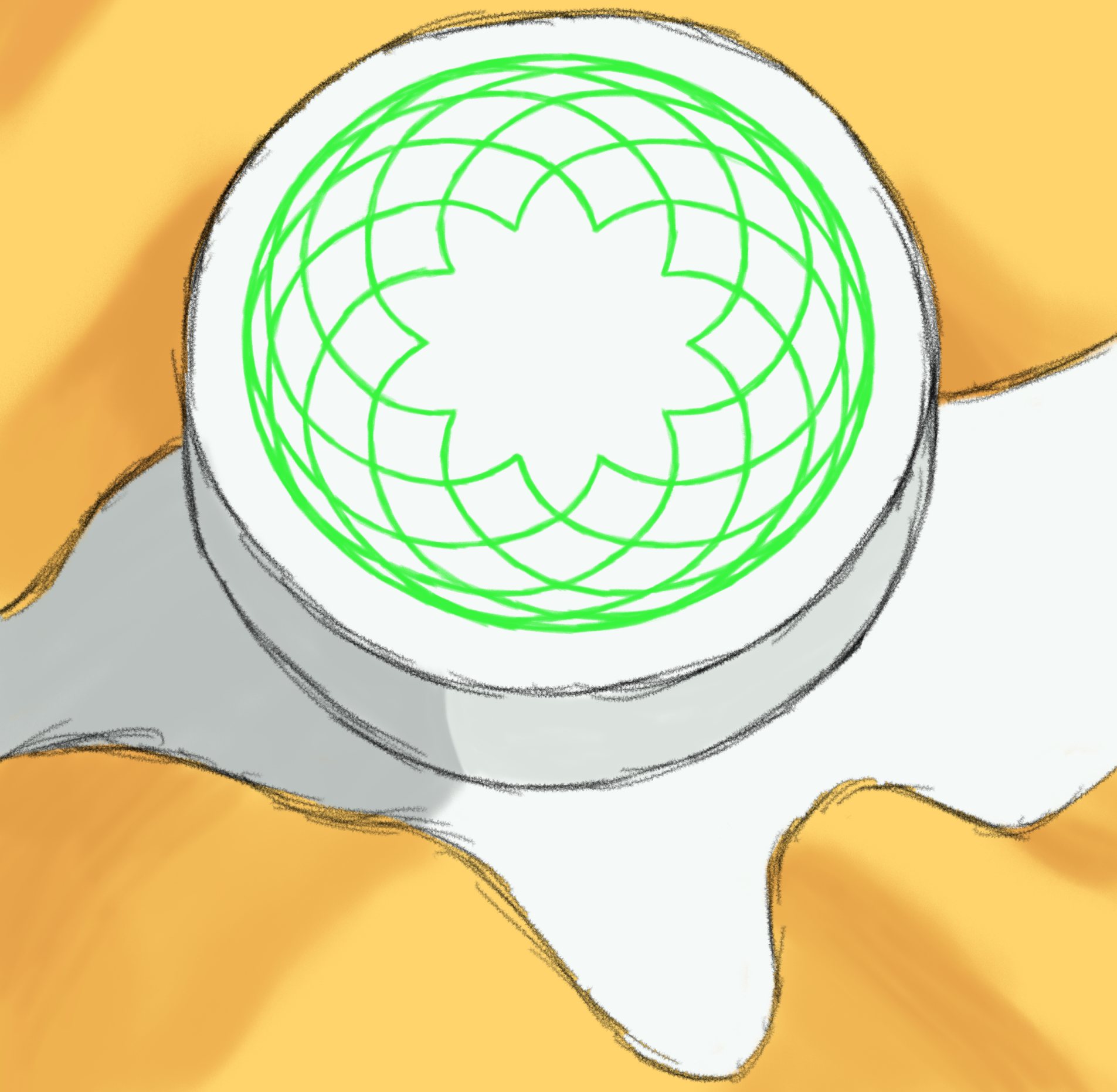


the note desolation plays



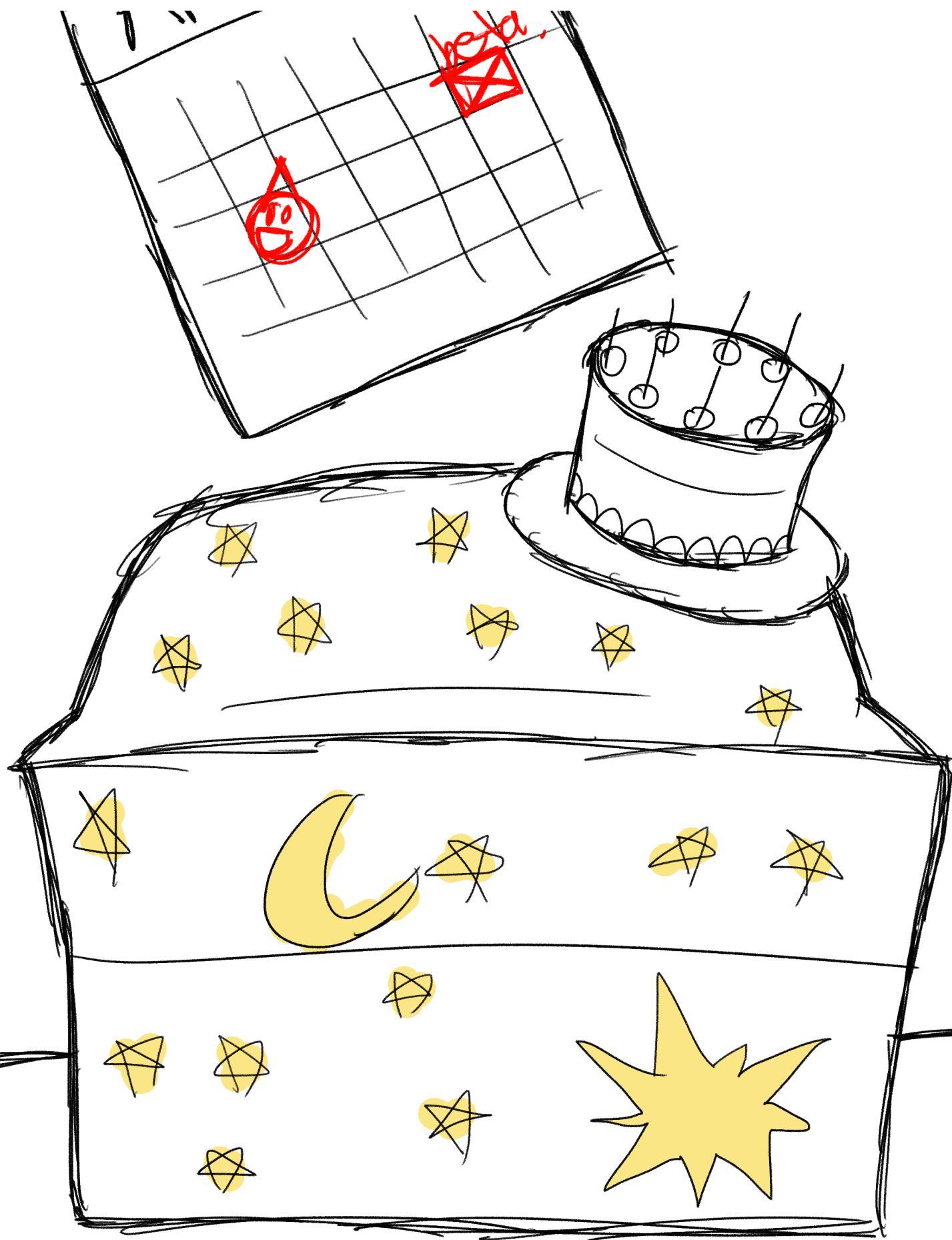
**IT'S GOING TO
BE A LONG DAY**

**TRIGGER WARNING:
IMPLIED DEATH**

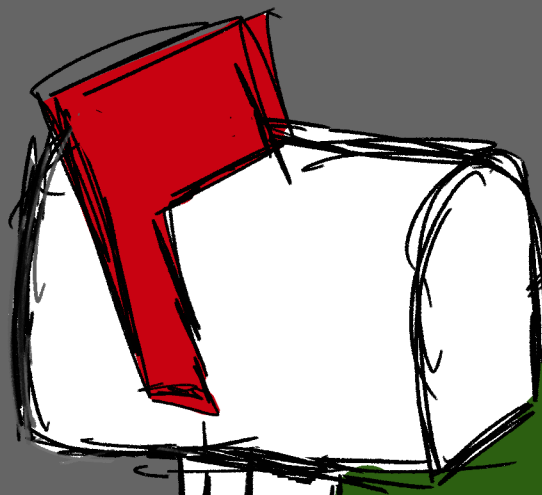
A young woman stands in her bedroom.



It just so happens that today,
the 13th of April 2009,



is this young woman's birthday.



What a shame...
she has no idea,
does she?



All she wanted
to do was play
a game.

Her fate was sealed
from the start.

The Shurb

Sunday, April 13, 2009

Sudden meteors causing the

Scientists are in the circumstances, Rer
bewilderment, as meteors laboratories that aren't foll
rain down, fires engulf being destroyed, are imp
cities, and heavy floods getting hard to access. We
causing streets to turn into reccommend staying The
streams. According to indoors and keeping that
astronomers there was no yourself save, many help rela
indication to any centres are running over the
catastrophe, most definitely time, to help as many beh
one of this size. The cause people in current danger of a
of this is still being zones. exp
investigated, but due to in l

She could not have known.
She could not have
escaped it.

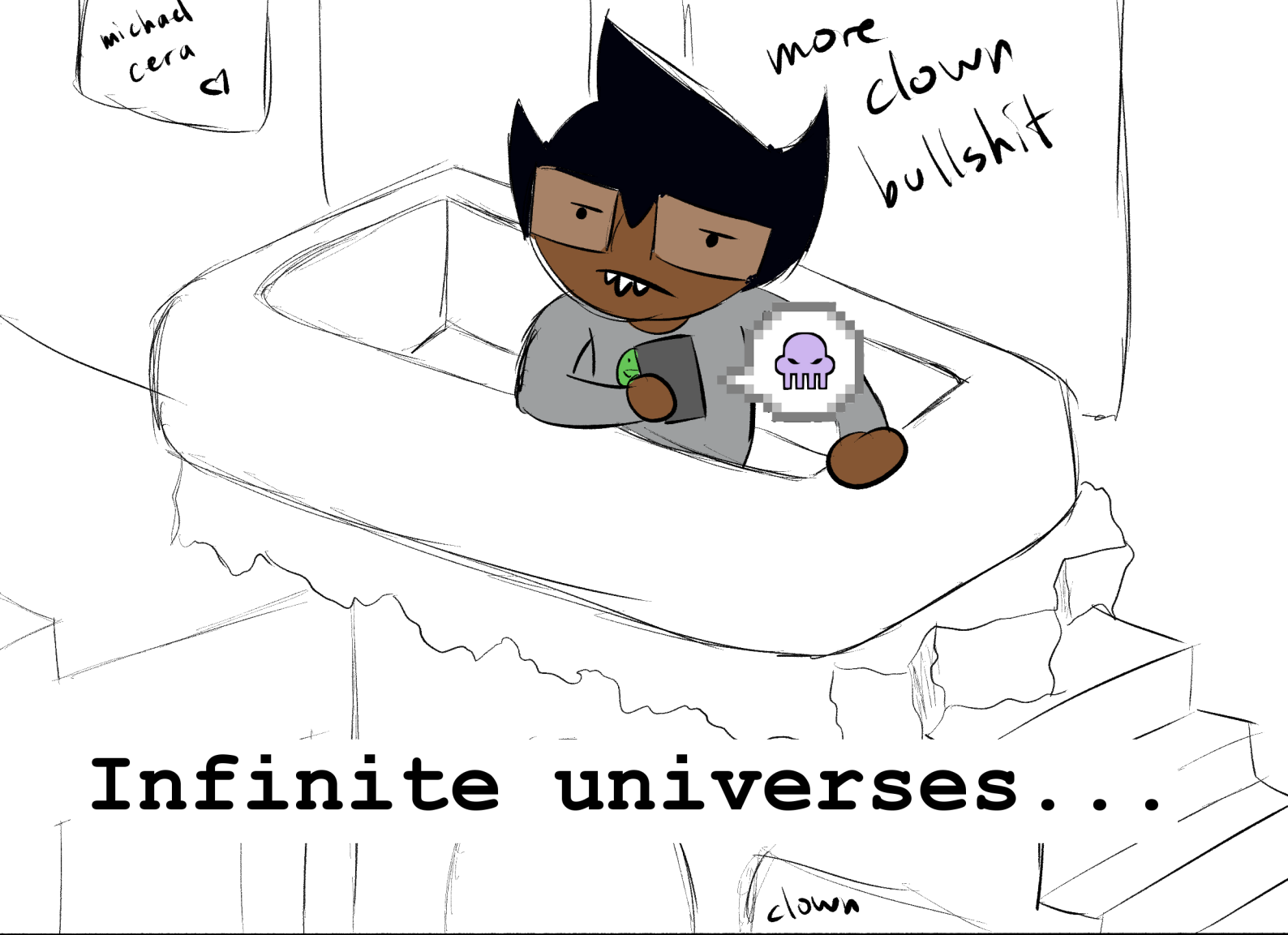
She is the hero of our story,
but she is, truly,
only a bystander...



...in the
grand scheme
of the vast,
infinite
universes.





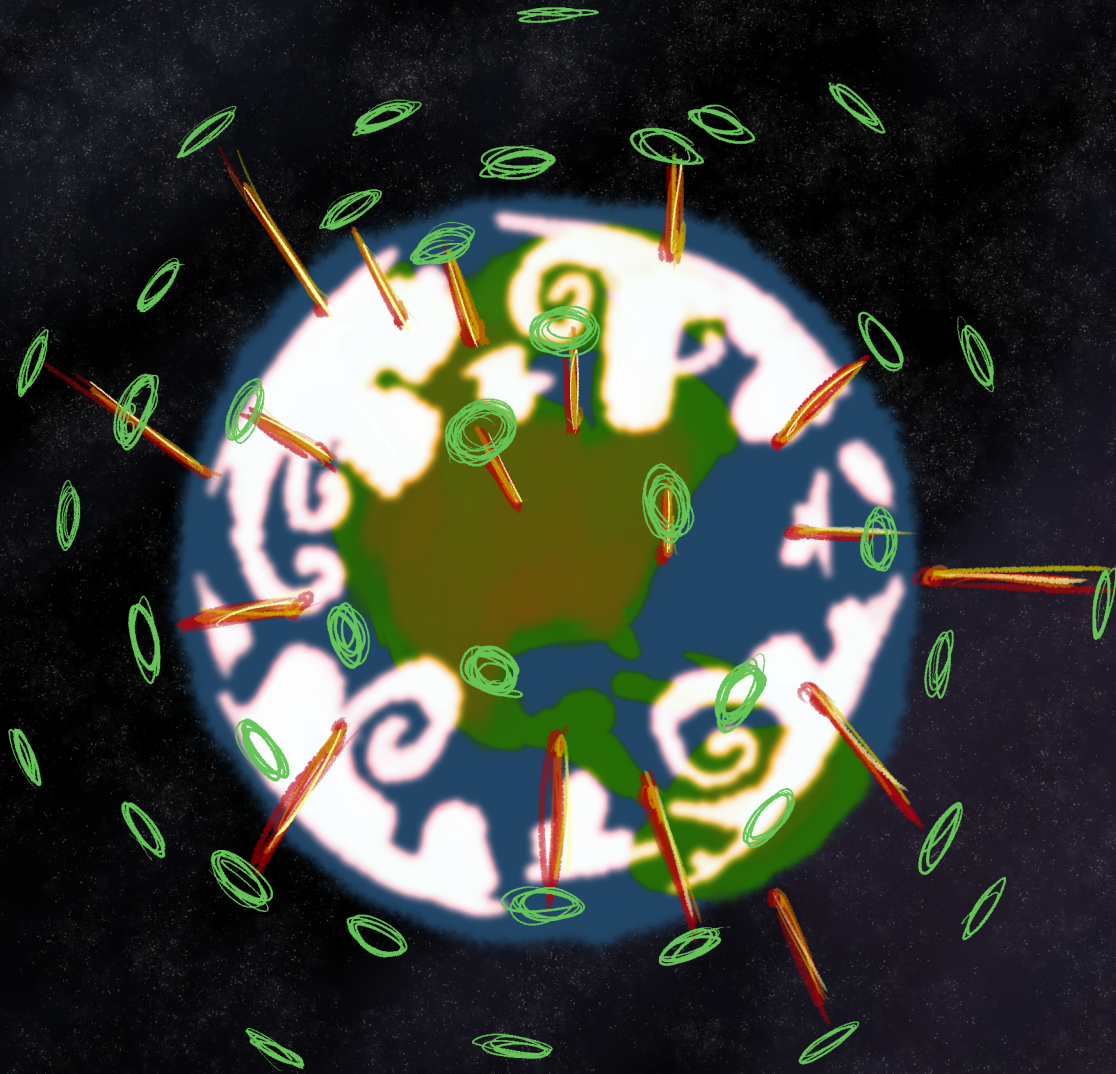


The top half of the image depicts a catastrophic event. In the background, a dense forest of dark, conical trees is engulfed in bright orange and yellow flames. Above the forest, numerous orange and yellow meteoroids or comets are falling diagonally across a dark, stormy sky. The overall atmosphere is one of intense destruction and chaos.

...with a looping, vicious
cycle of destruction...

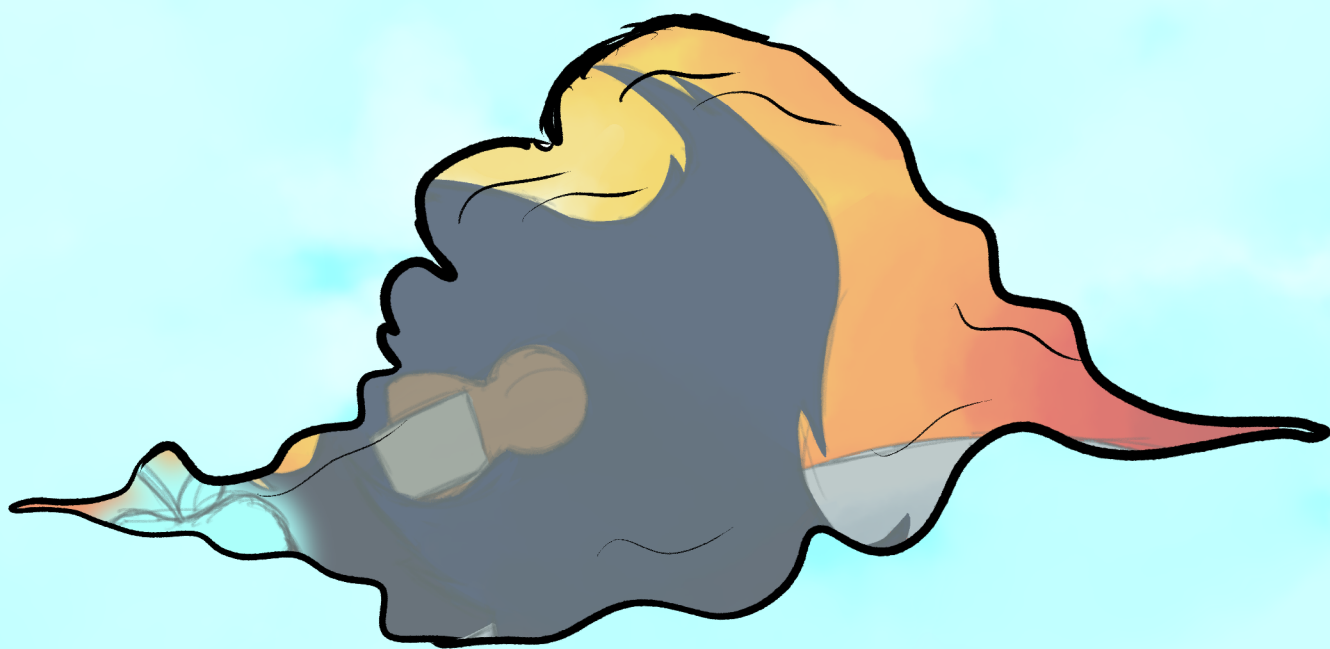


...bringing about the
end of one planet...



...in order to birth
a new universe.





Our hero does not know
who she is yet.

*Michelle
Cora*

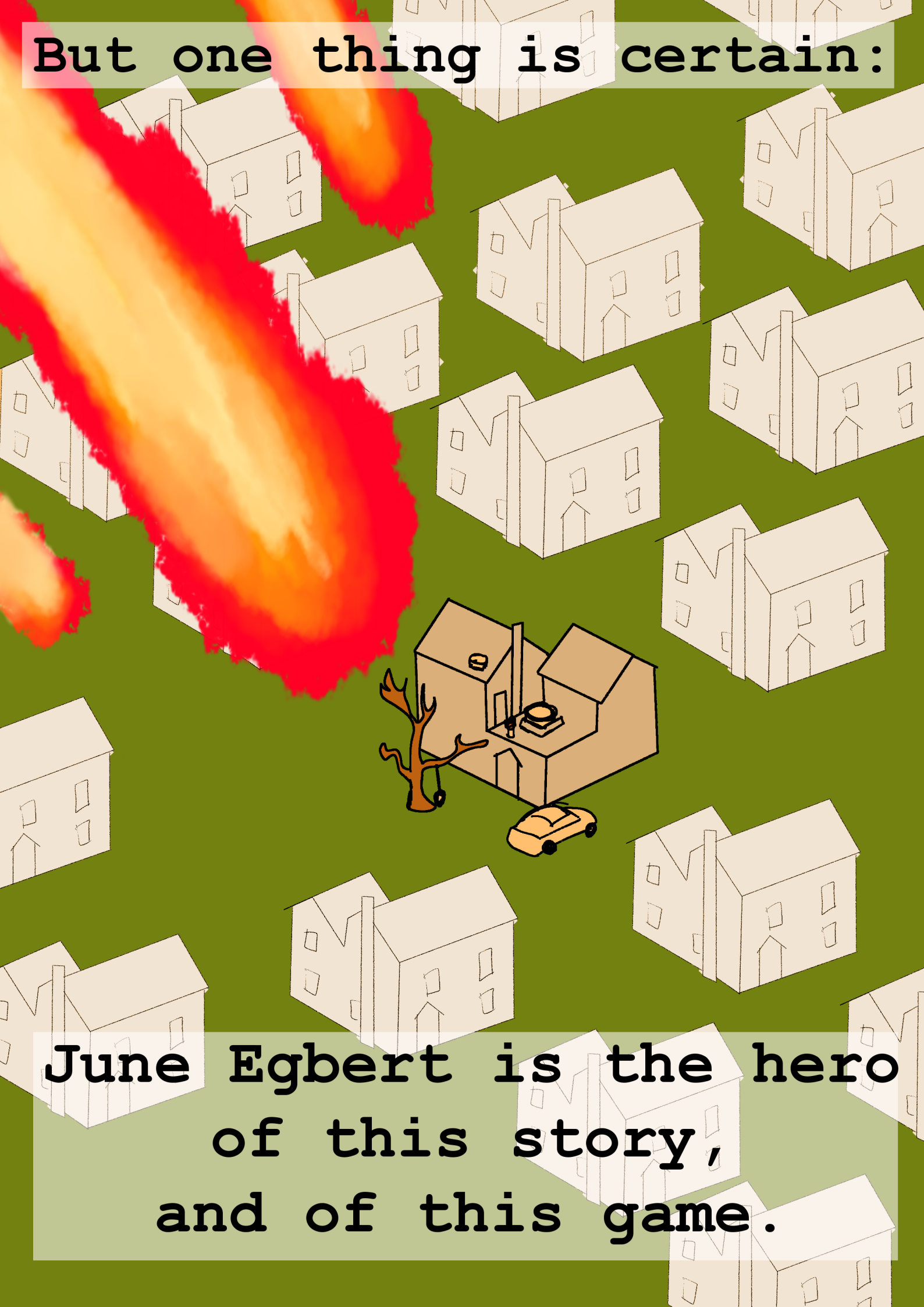
*clown
ladder*



She may not ever know.



But one thing is certain:



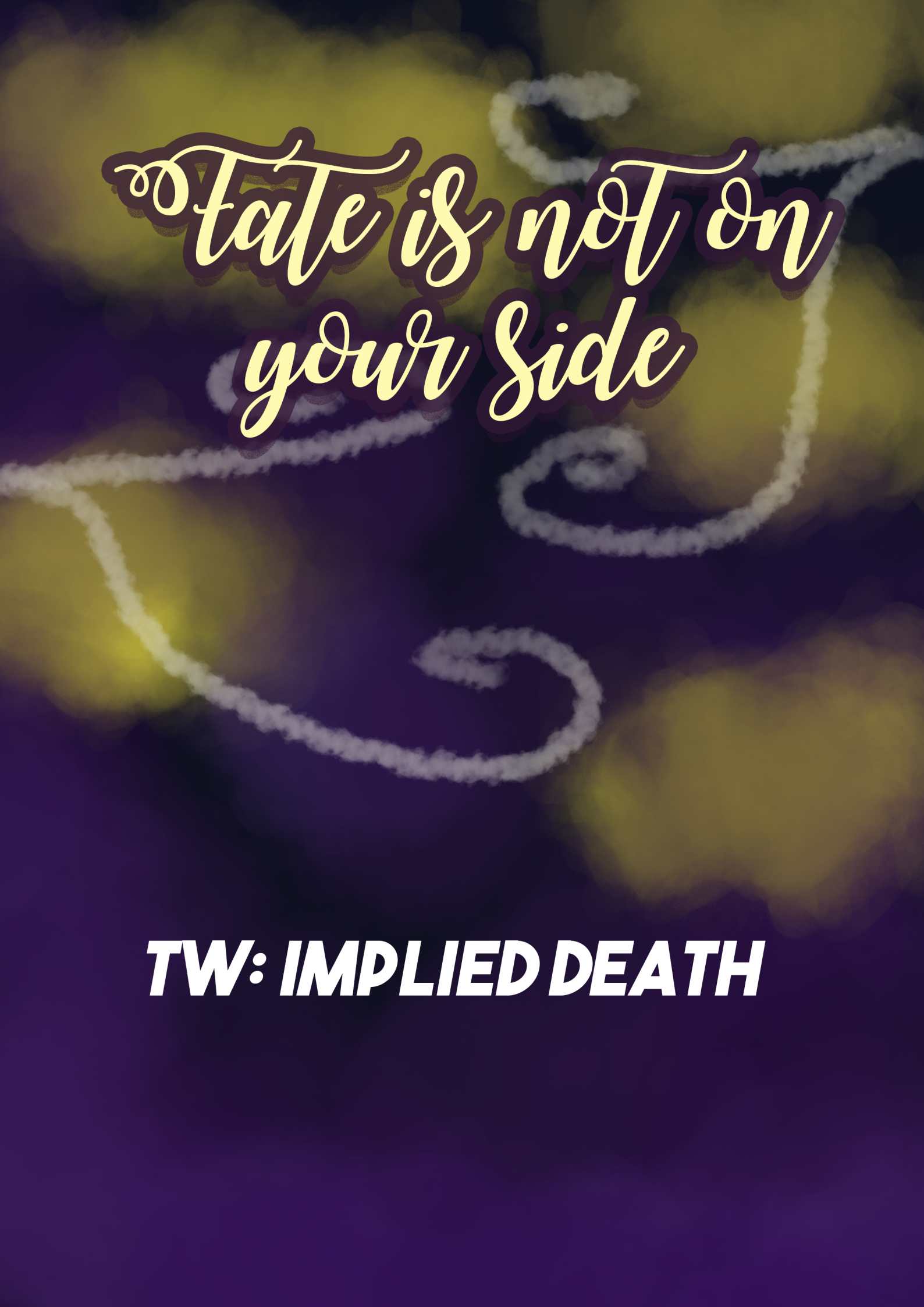
**June Egbert is the hero
of this story,
and of this game.**

And heroes are always
destined to win...



...no matter the cost.





*Fate is not on
your side*

TW: IMPLIED DEATH



What do you do if you accidentally rip/tear the pre-punched card?

Sburb

PC



Home ▾

Guides

Q&A

Cheats

Media ▾

Board

What do you do if you accidentally rip/tear the pre-punched card?

I know very well I need it for the totem lathe thing, but how can I fix it? Please help, I have 6 minutes.

moronicMemer ▾ · 1 year ago



What is wrong with Echidna?

Sburb

PC



Home ▾

Guides

Q&A

Cheats

Media ▾

Board

What is wrong with Echidna?

I am a Heir of Space, and Echidna is not doing what she is supposed to. I thought she was supposed to give you The Choice, but I talked to her several times and all she had to say was "This is not the right way." My team members are a Knight of Heart, a Seer of Blood, and a Maid of Hope. What went wrong?

awkwardMemer ▾ · 3 years ago



How do we finish our game?

Sburb

PC



Home ▾

Guides

Q&A

Cheats

Media ▾

Board

How do we finish our game?

We beat the denizens, built to the seven gates, everyone god tiered, we made the giant space frog thing, and finally were able to get to the victory platform. One problem, the door is locked. Any ideas on what to do?

moronicMemer ▾ · 3 months ago

April 13th, 2009

SH

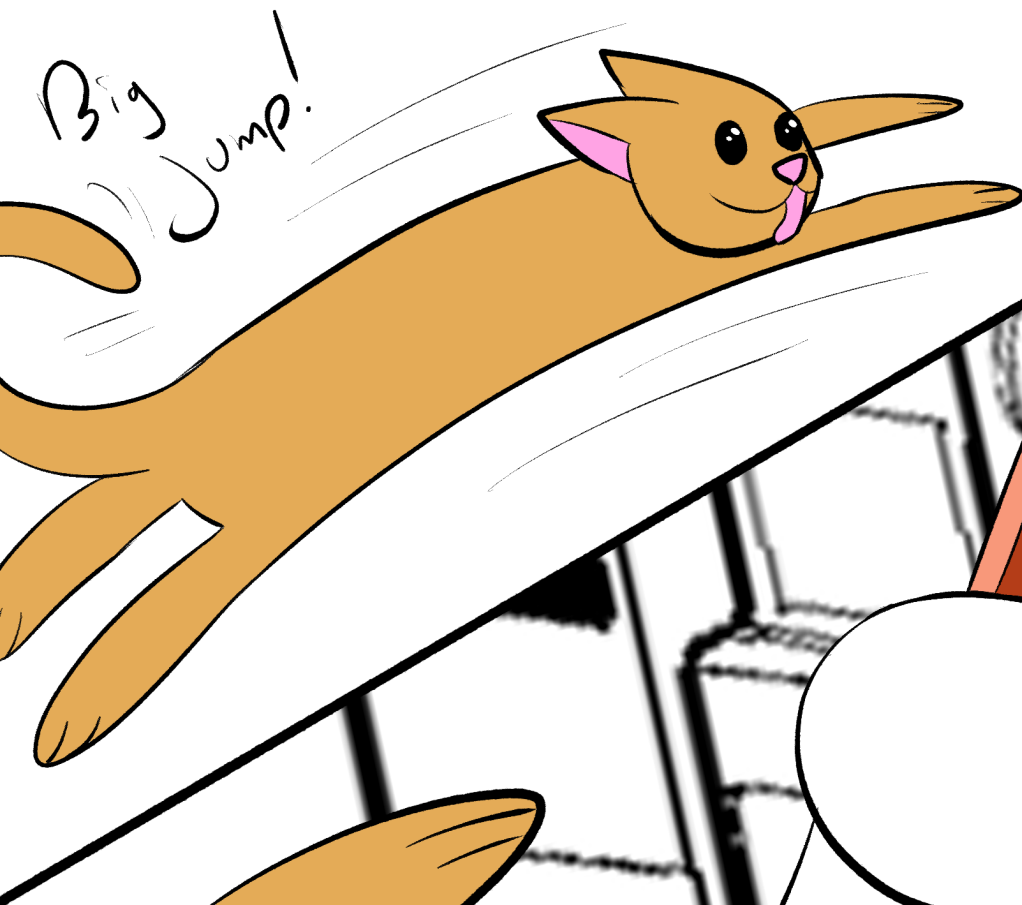
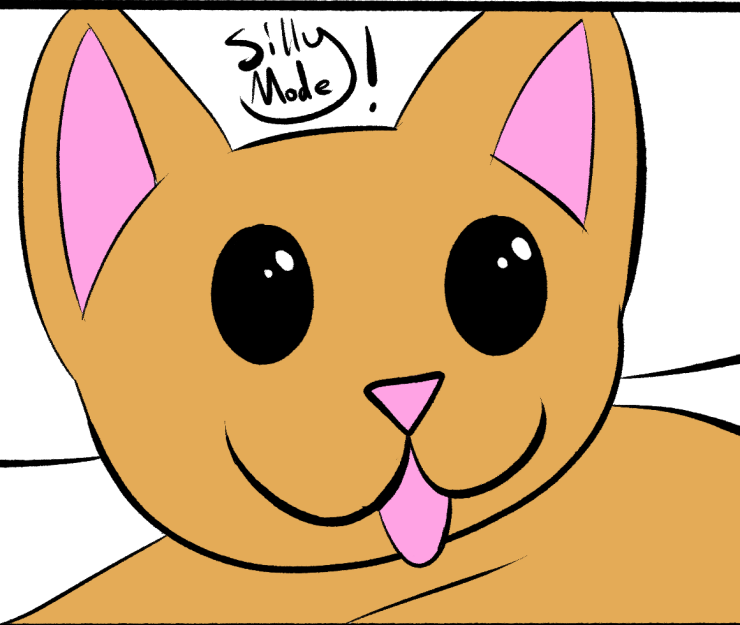
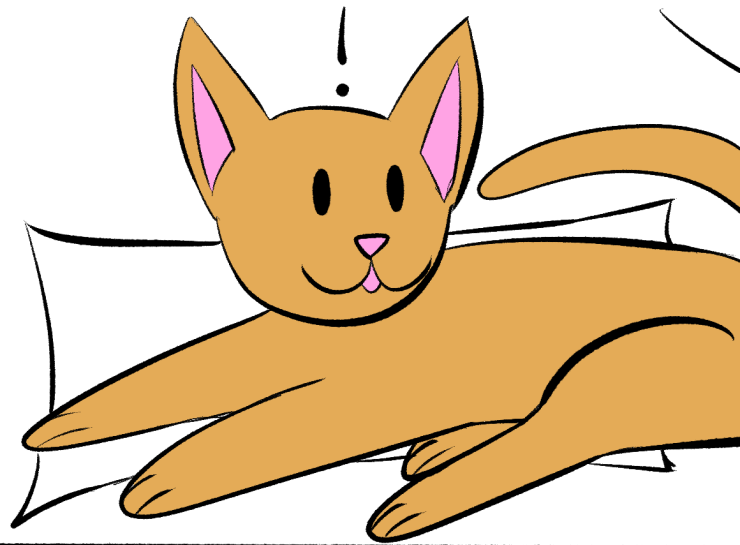
Skaianet Laboratory
Unestablished in

0000:00:00:03:14

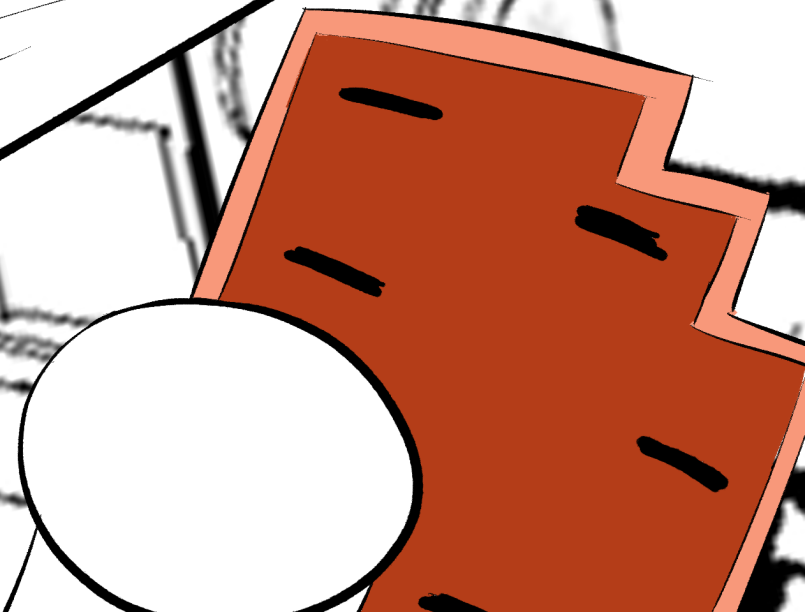
i gotta be quick...
i only have a few minutes...

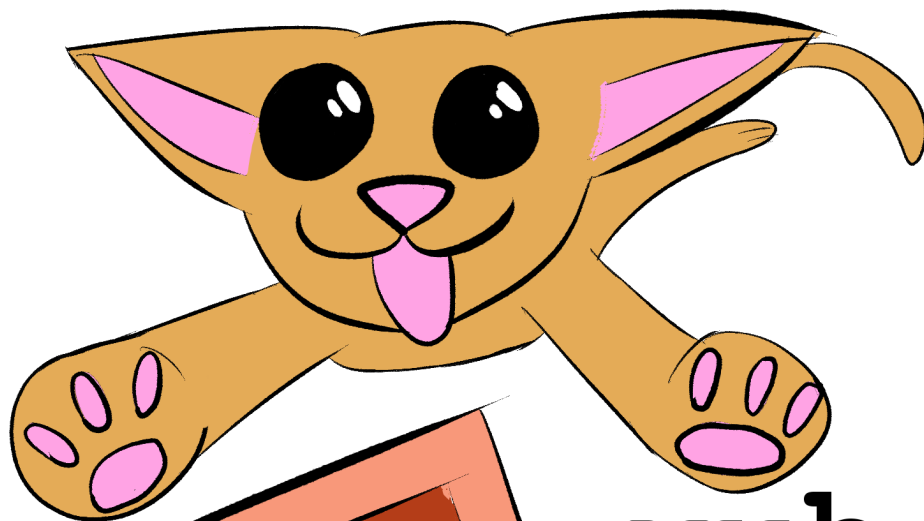


alright...throw this into
the totem lathe thing...
should be good.
seems easy enough.

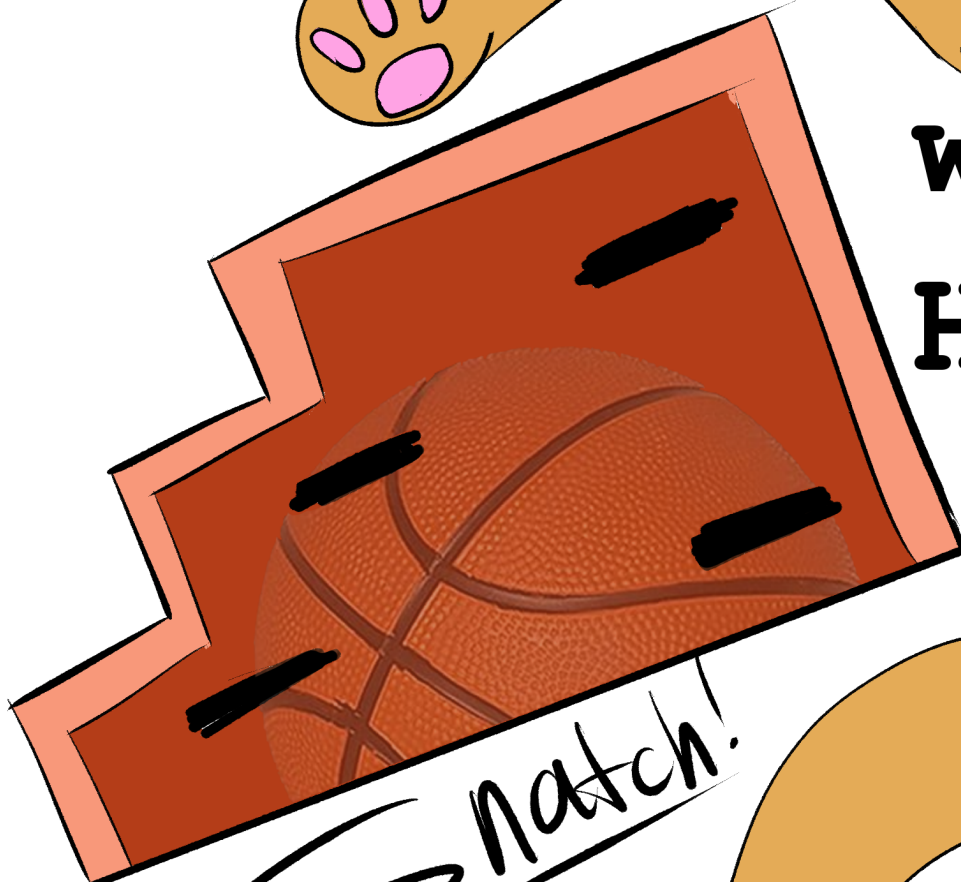


okay so...
where do i...

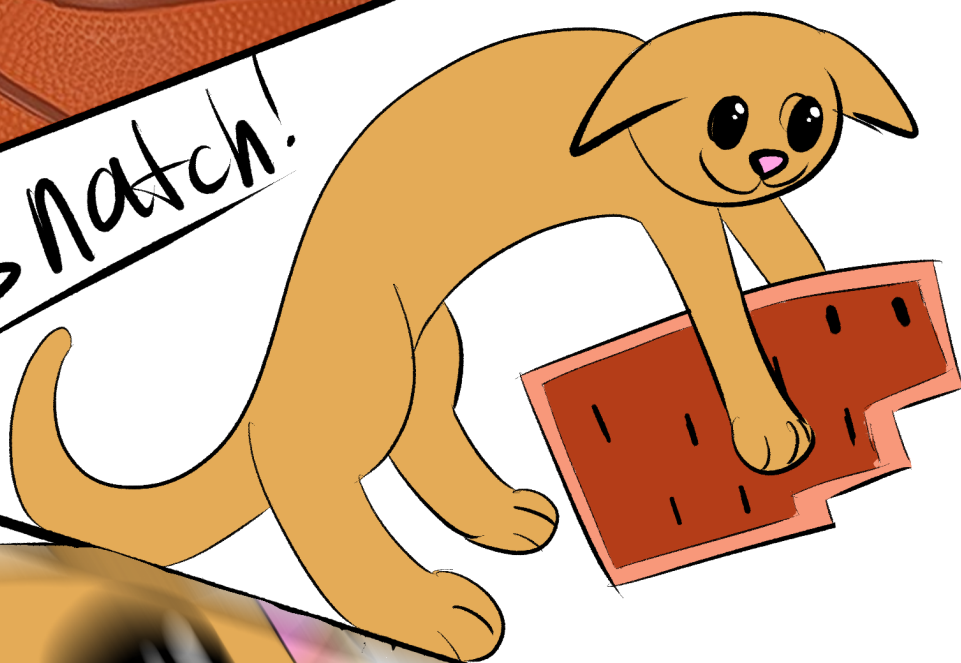




wuh-
HEY!!!



Swish!



hey! stop!
mandy, stop!
i need that!!

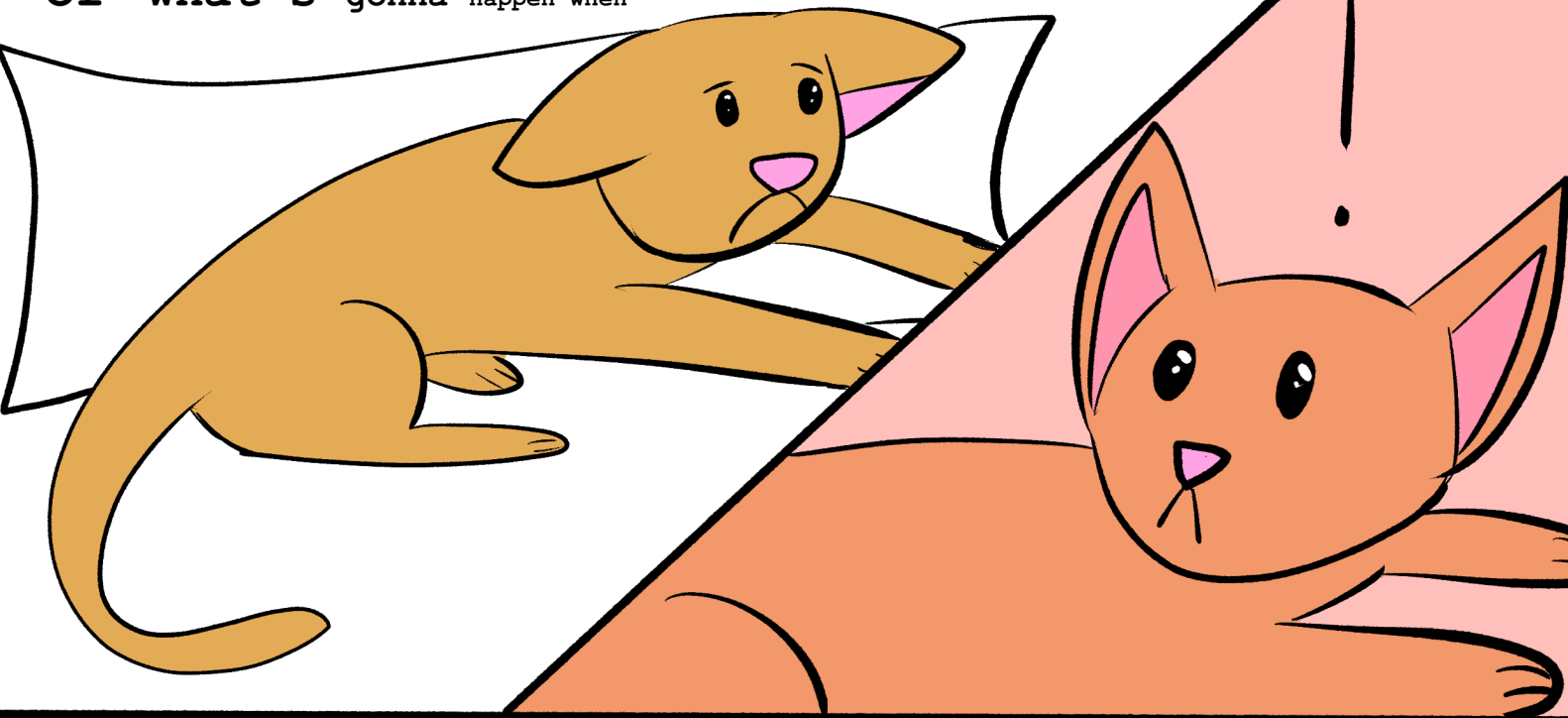
hey! bad cat!
give it back!
we don't have much-



shit shit SHIT-
come on...i'm sure
it'll fit if i just...

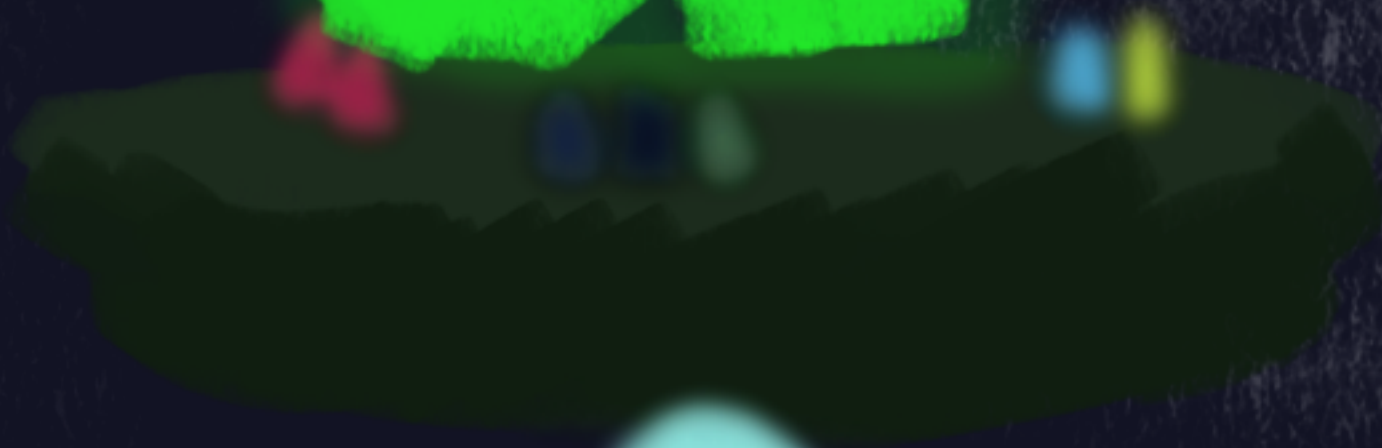
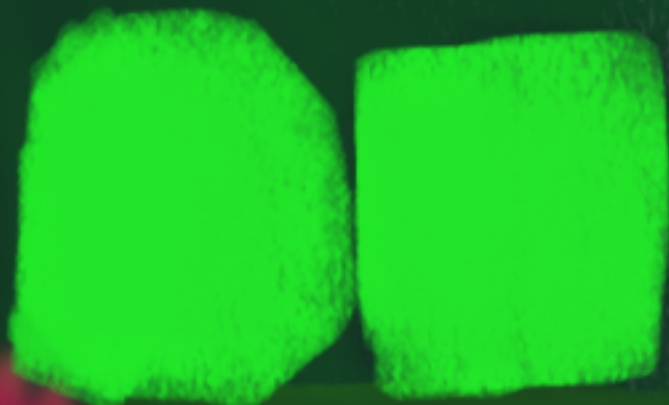


bad cat! look what you did!
now i don't know how to fix it
or what's gonna happen when-





we made it.



it's almost over!
yeah
wow
it is



i wanna open the door!
hold on, we're almost ready.



i wonder what's behind the door!
maybe a dragon!
or an anime boy.





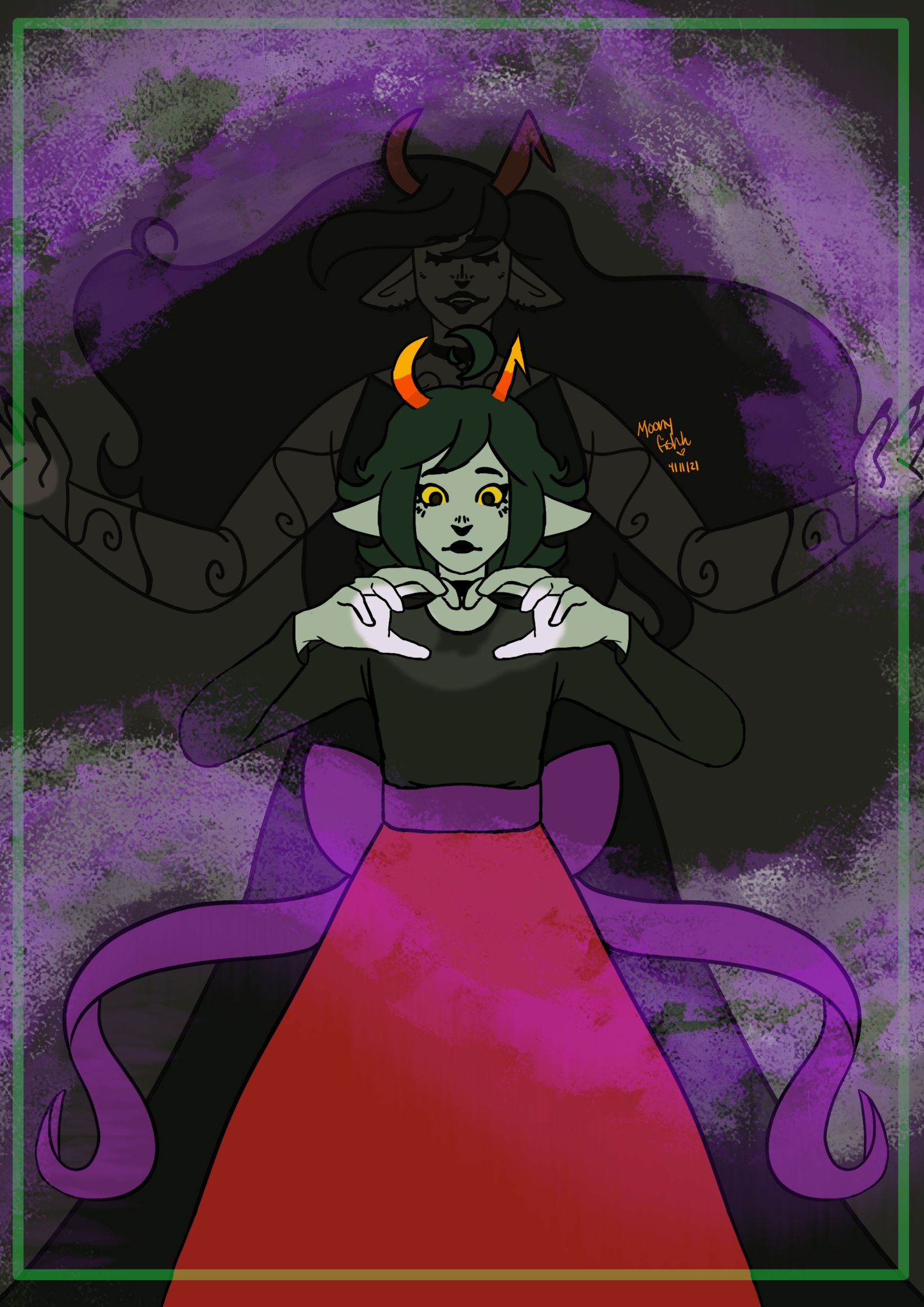
There's
no
download.

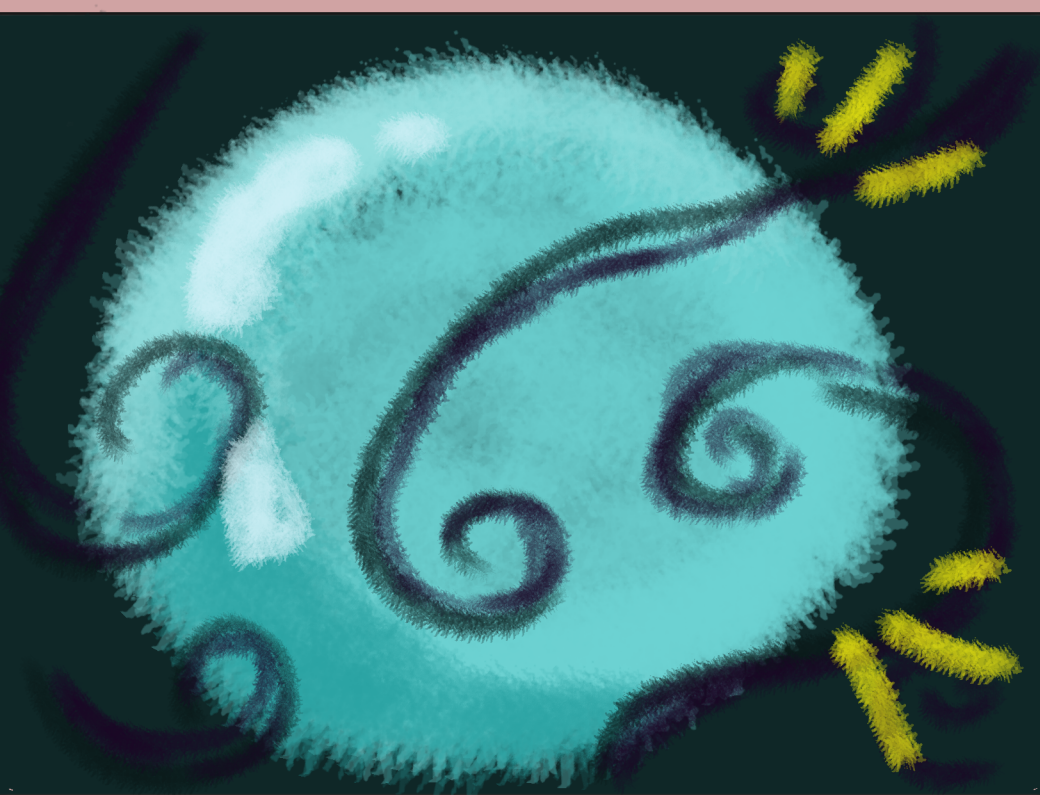
INTERMISSION

A stylized illustration featuring a black silhouette of a person's head with two pigtails. The head is centered within a circular frame. The frame is bordered by red, textured curtains that appear to be pulled back. The background within the frame is a teal color with some lighter, cloud-like patterns. The overall style is graphic and modern.

***TW: DEATH,
VOMIT***









We didn't
want to lose.



You found a
way to win.

But
was it
worth it?



how big is this place

was it selfish



yeah



i thought i
could be a hero



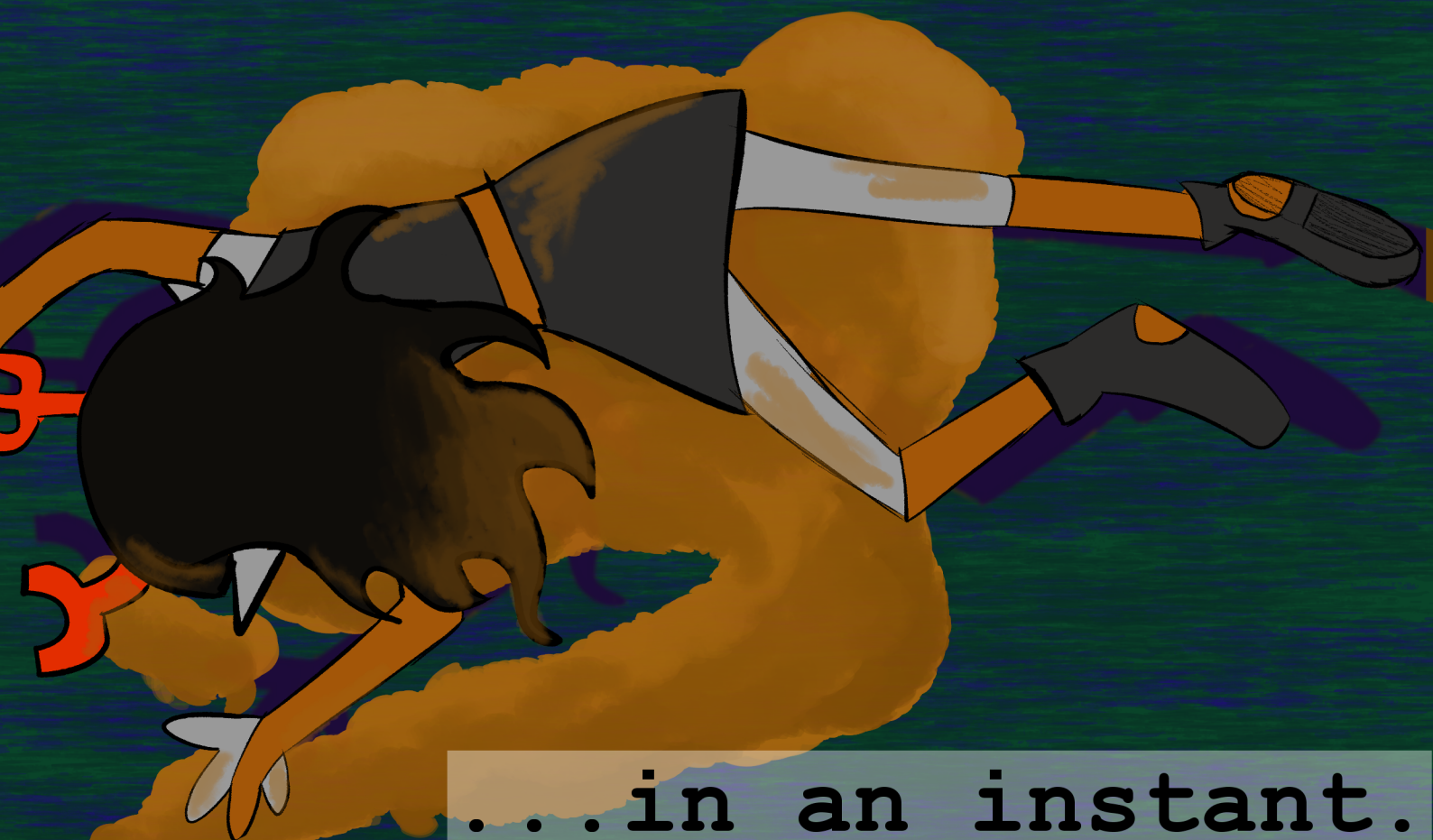
but i just
became
the villian
again



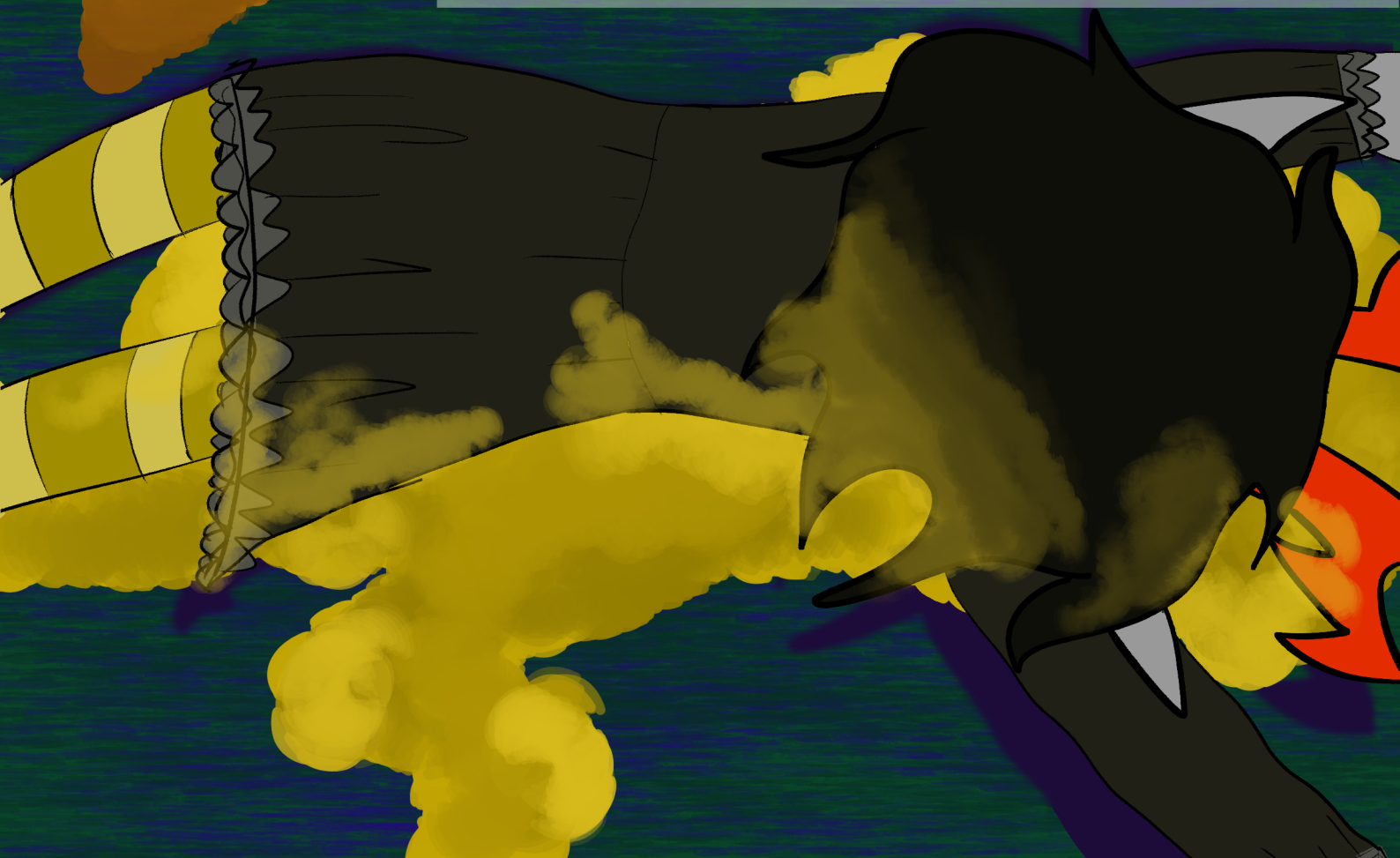
First, it was the
lowbloods.



All of them, dead...



...in an instant.

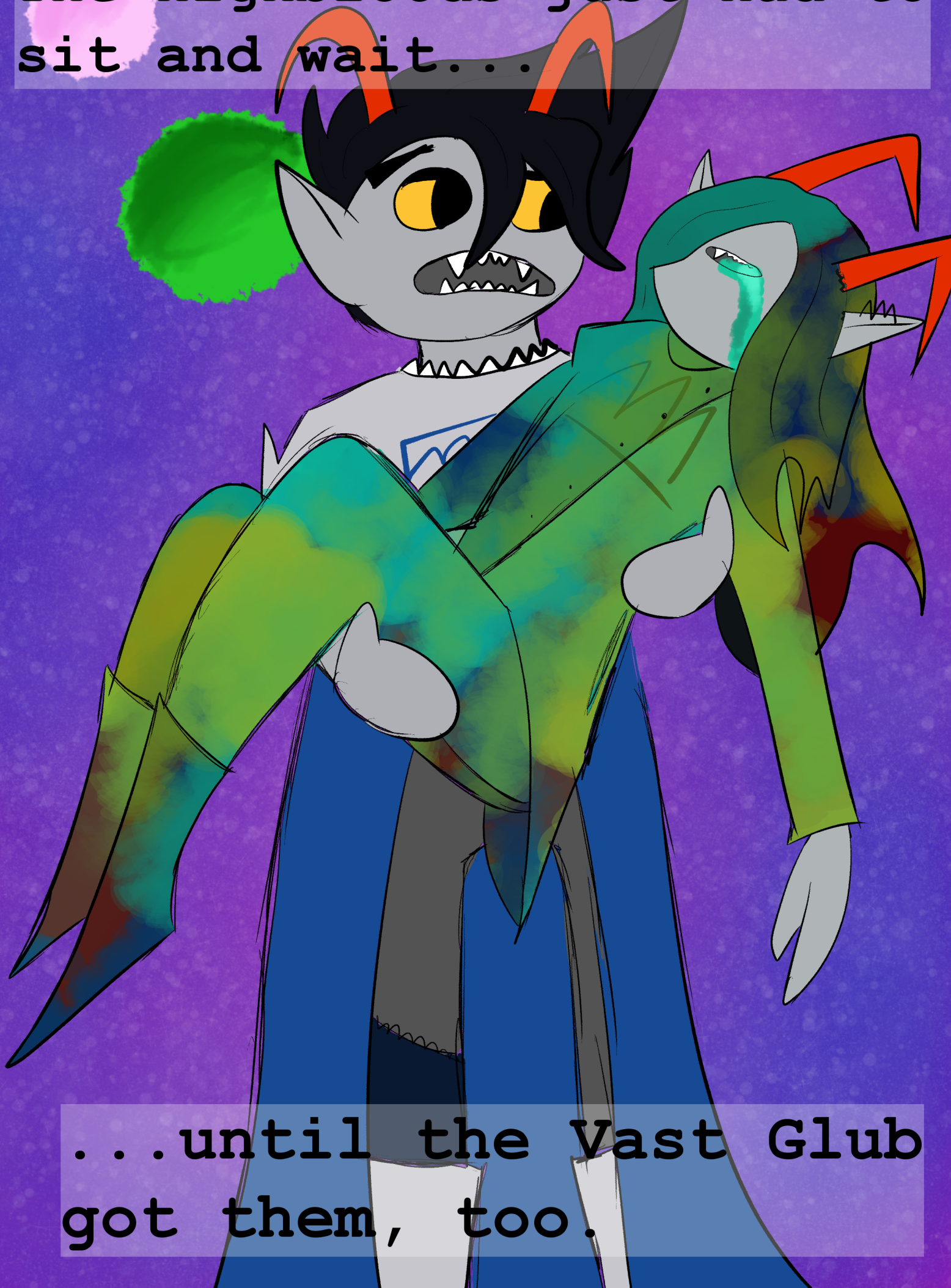


The midbloods were next...



They barely had time to react before it was their turn, too.

The highbloods just had to
sit and wait....



...until the Vast Glub
got them, too.

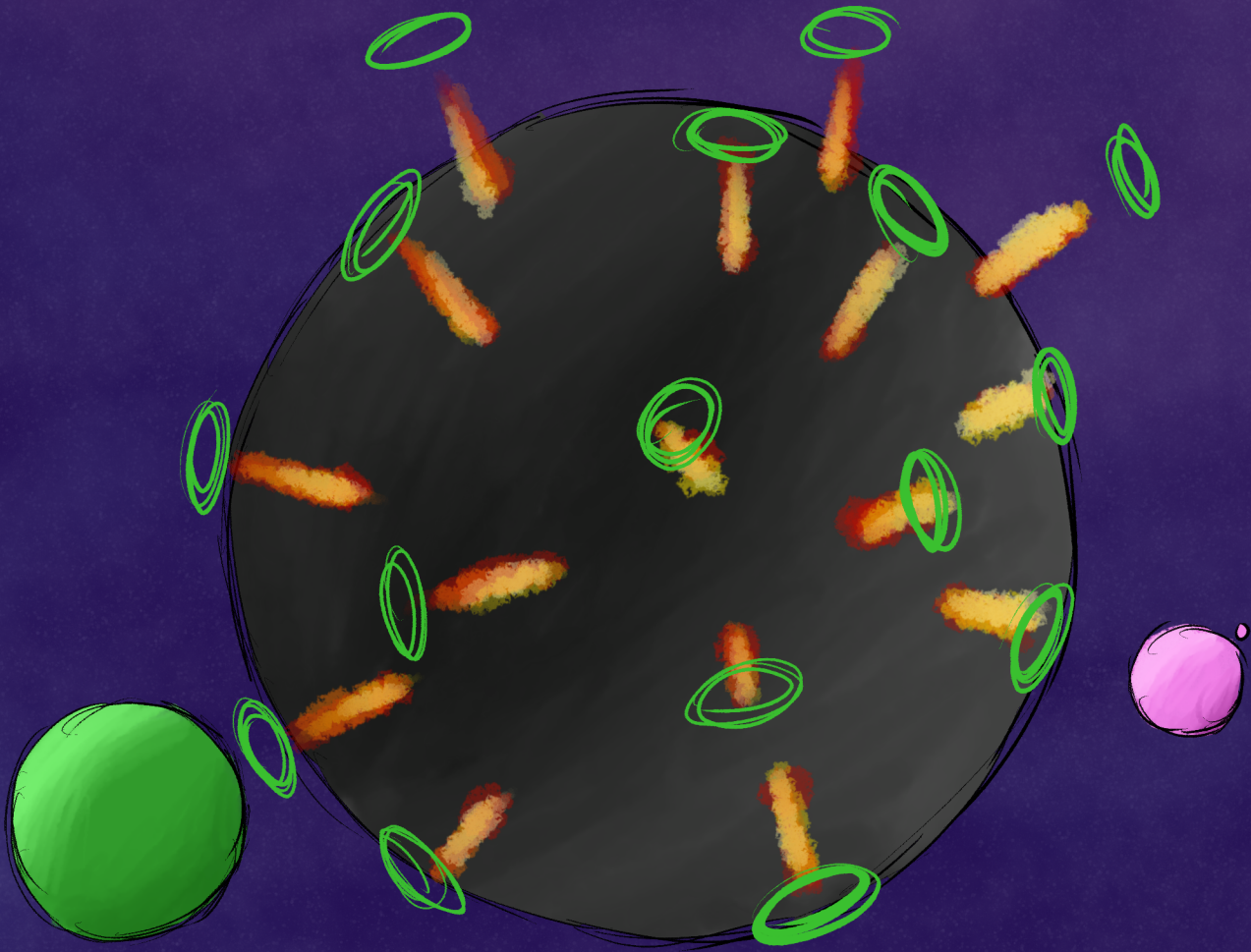
Those who weren't taken
out by the meteors-

CG: WHOA WAIT, WHAT?

CG: METEORS?

CG: WHAT DOES THIS HAVE TO
DO WITH METEORS.

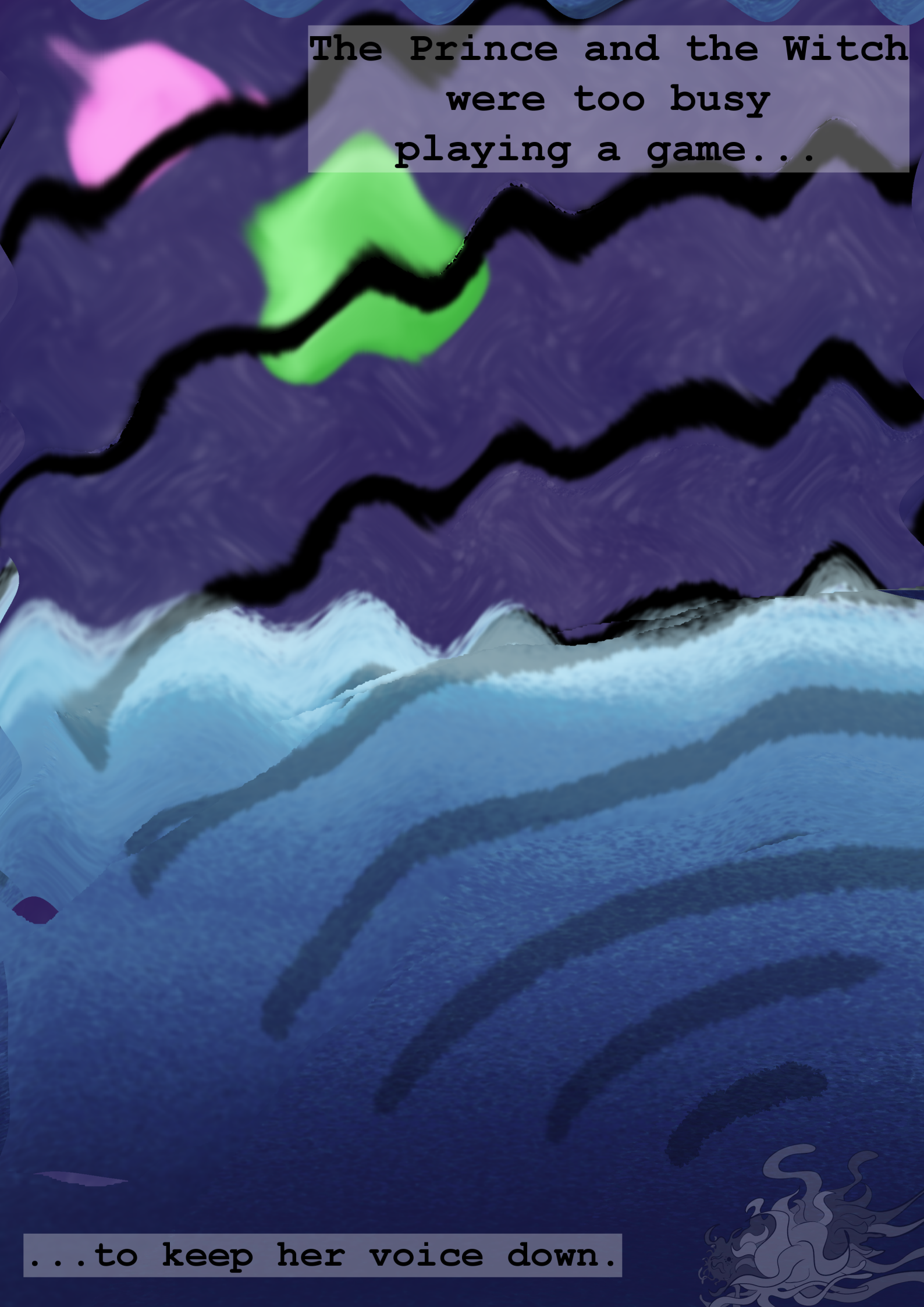
CG: WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU
TALKING ABOUT.



GC: OH BOY YOU N33D TO G3T
W1TH TH3 PROGR4M K4RK4T

-had an even
worse fate...





The Prince and the Witch
were too busy
playing a game...

...to keep her voice down.

LEGACY

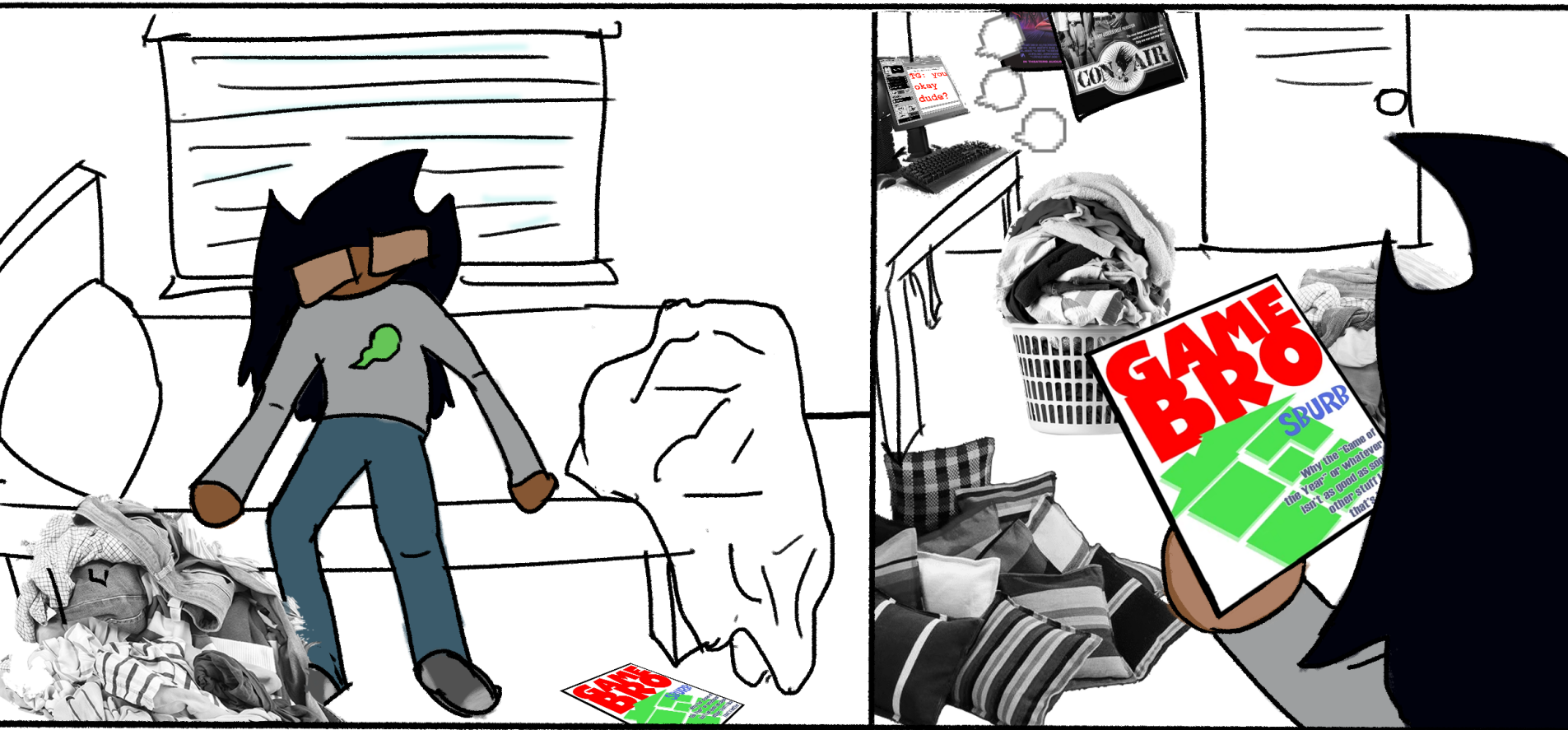


TW: DEATH, BLOOD, DEPRESSION



JUNE: does anyone else ever think about what we've done?

JUNE: about all of the pain and destruction we've caused?



JUNE: does anyone else ever think about what could have been?

JUNE: the lives we could have had?



JUNE: we could have gone back to school after spring break. maybe we could have gone to high school like normal kids.

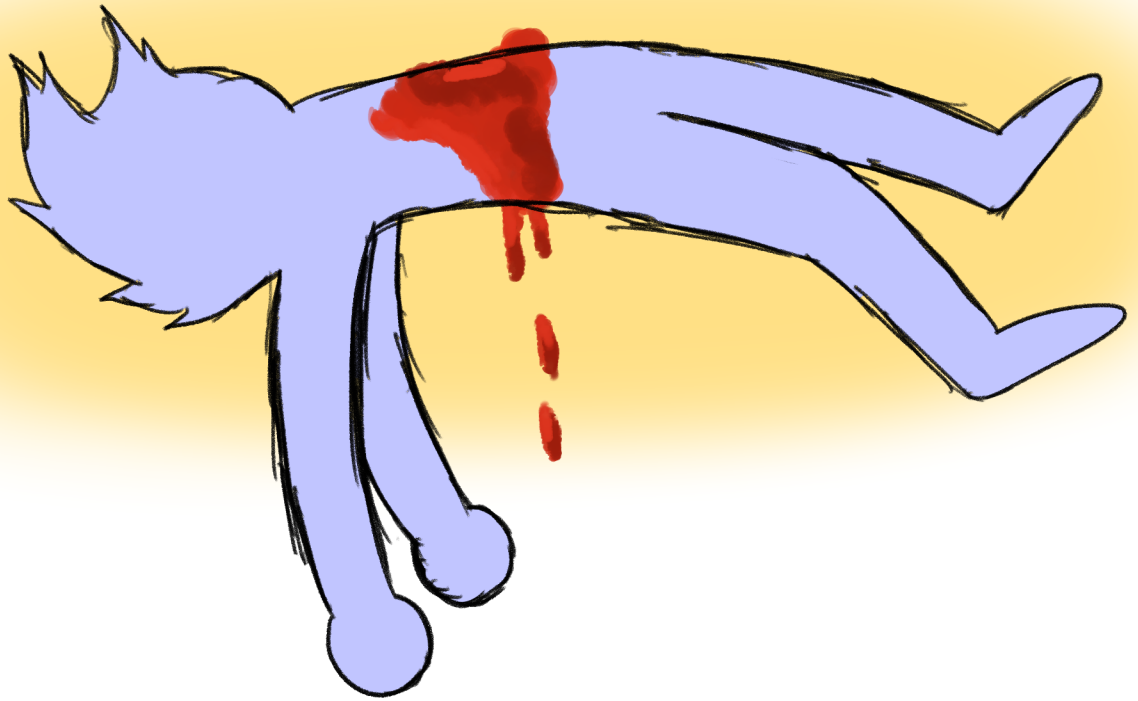


JUNE: maybe one day we would have met each other normally, instead of flying around with stupid god tier powers.

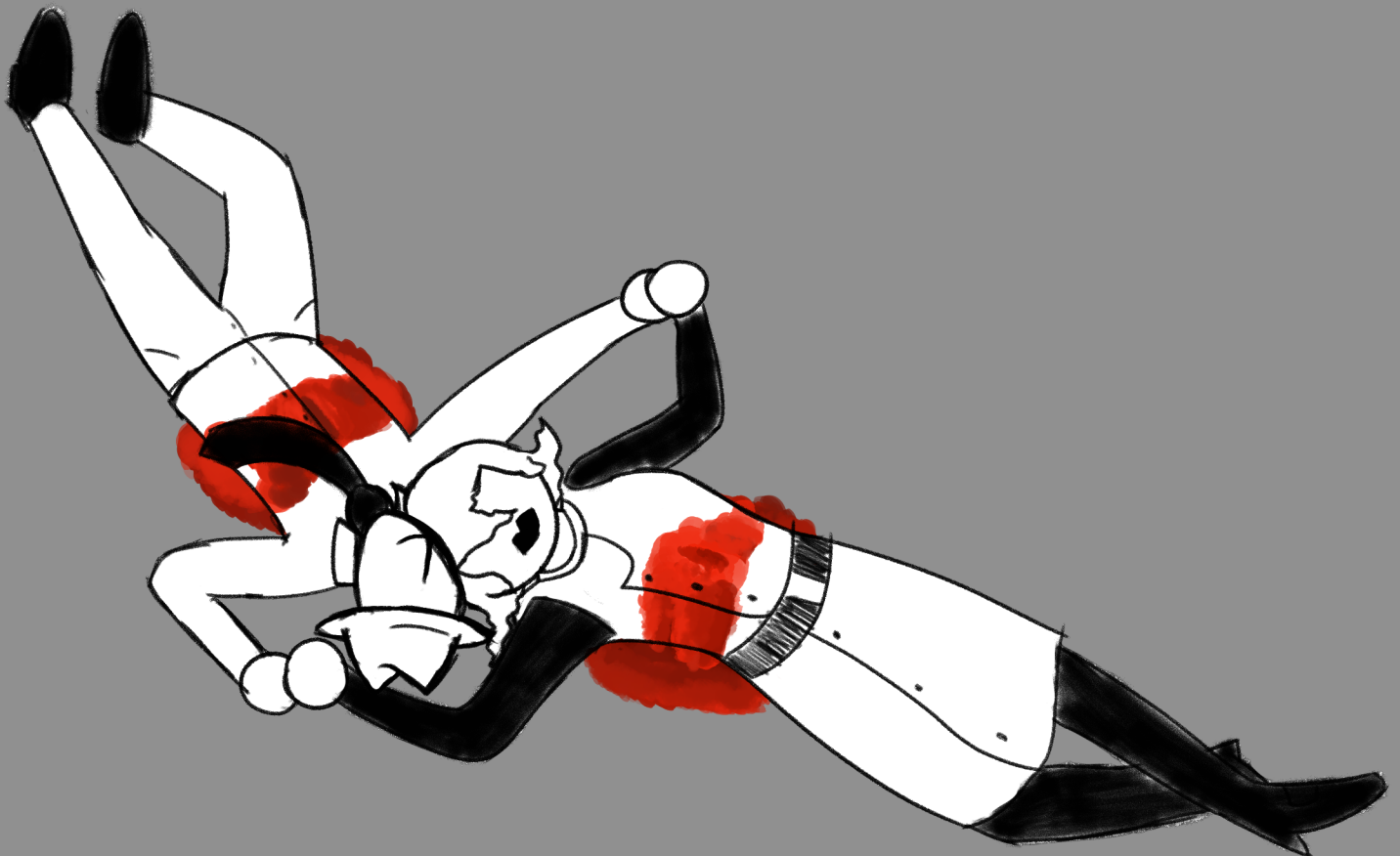


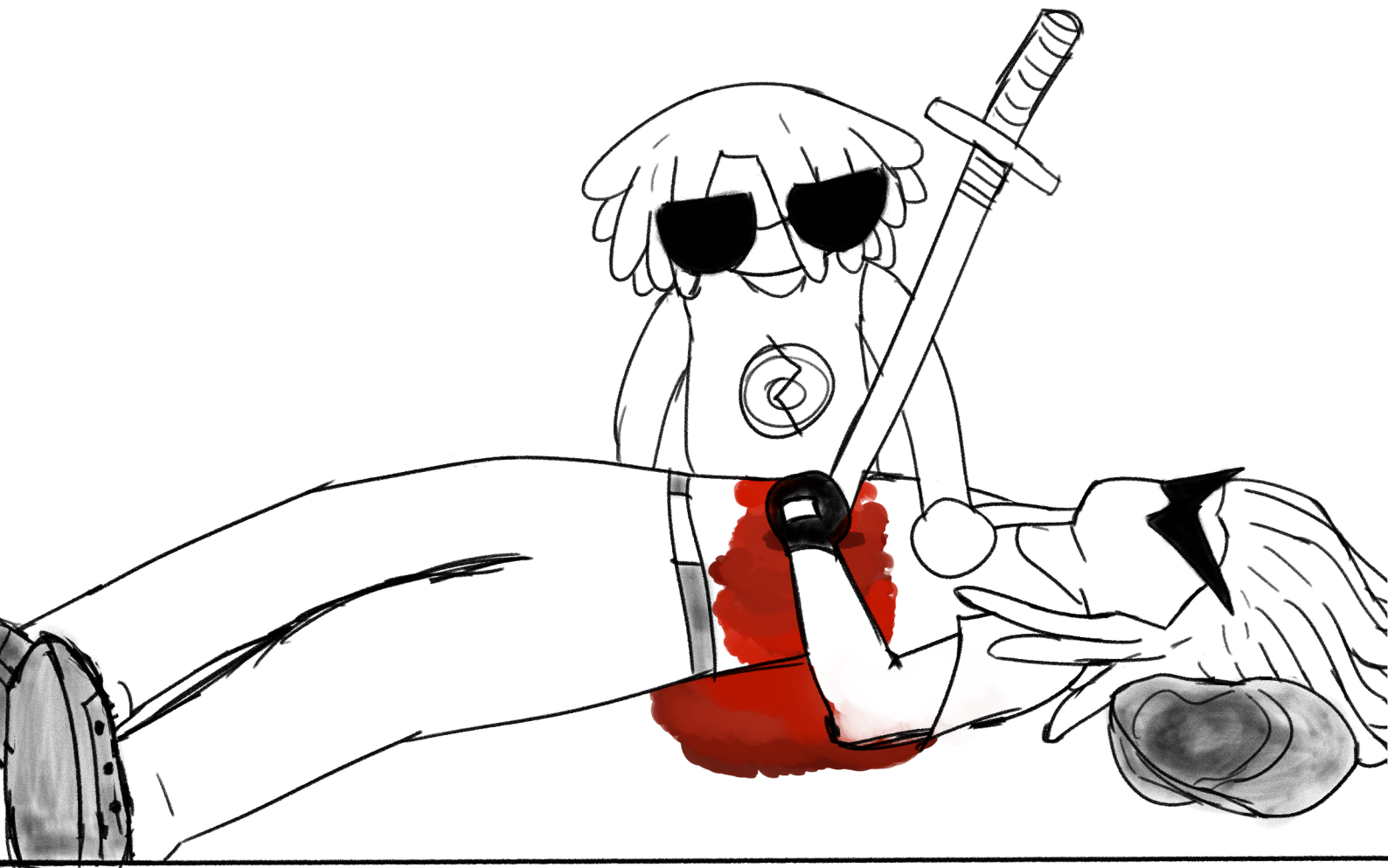
JUNE: all we wanted to do was hang out, and play a game together. it was only supposed to be a game.

A large, stylized graphic of a flame or explosion, rendered in shades of red and orange, occupying the bottom right portion of the image.

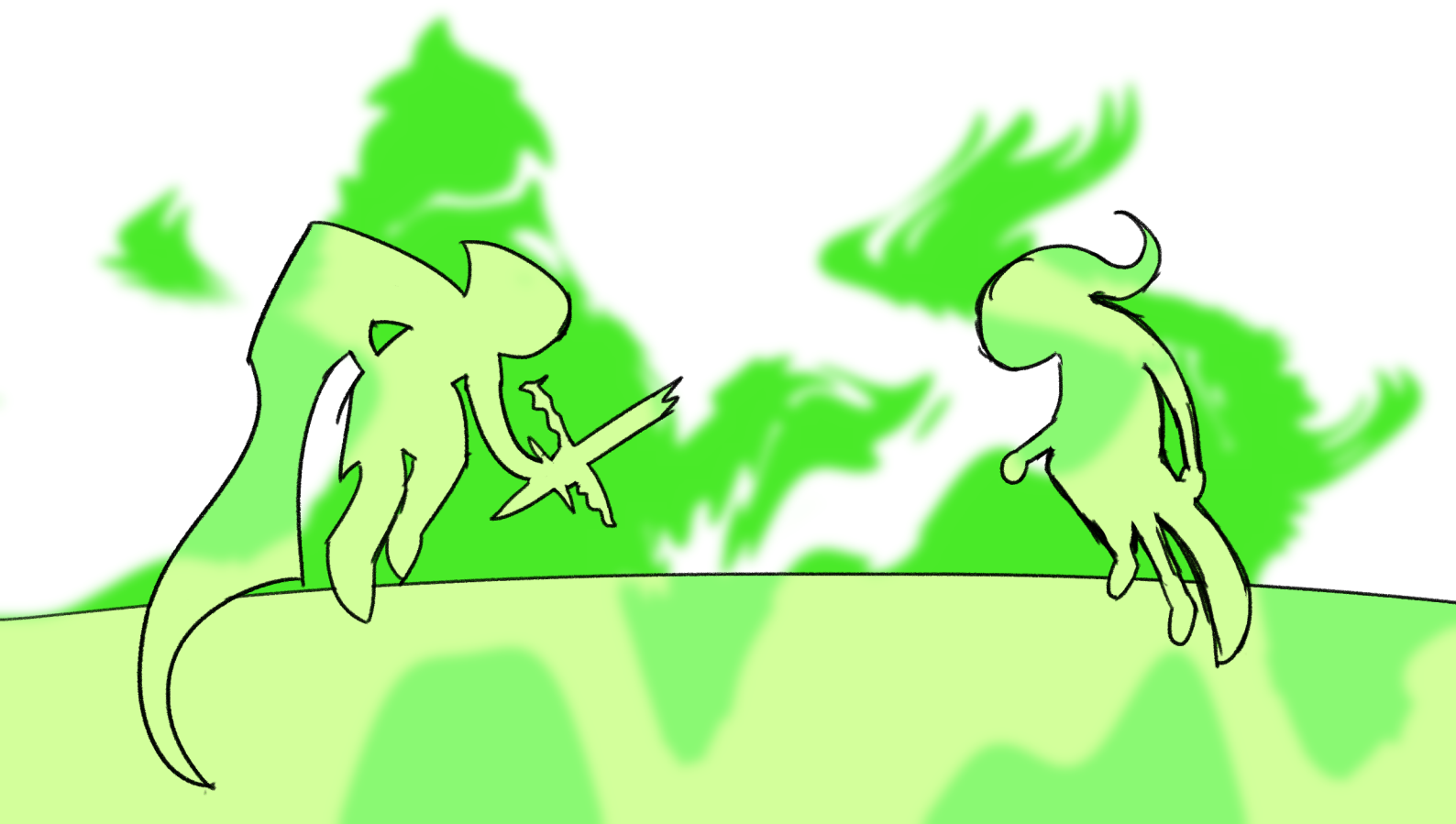


just a game .





just a game .



just a



game .



GAME BRO

SBURB

Why the "Game of the Year" or what isn't as good as other stuff that

GAME BRO FEATURE

SBURB



So ok.
SBURB is this game that a lot of cats seem hell pumped of. And this beta is sitting on my desk for review, so I'm like, yeah man I'll write something.

But I don't know. I'm like, so this is about houses or some noise? That's fine, I'm sure that's some fucking dynamite in a handbag for when do you get to *thru* anything? While you're playing house or some shit, I'm sure you're in jeopardy of getting mud on your dress or whatever mud and I quote, "the mad

So this one time he was leaning against the screen door and the shit popped open, and the back deck was wet and he slipped down the steps and broke his thumb on the lawn. It wasn't a long fall, but hey I guess a thumb bone wasn't made for supporting the brunt of a huge useless tool against wet grass. We never did see Dark Knight on account of his bawling candy-ass over at hospital.

But it's cool. I still got in me, Brotel Rwanda.



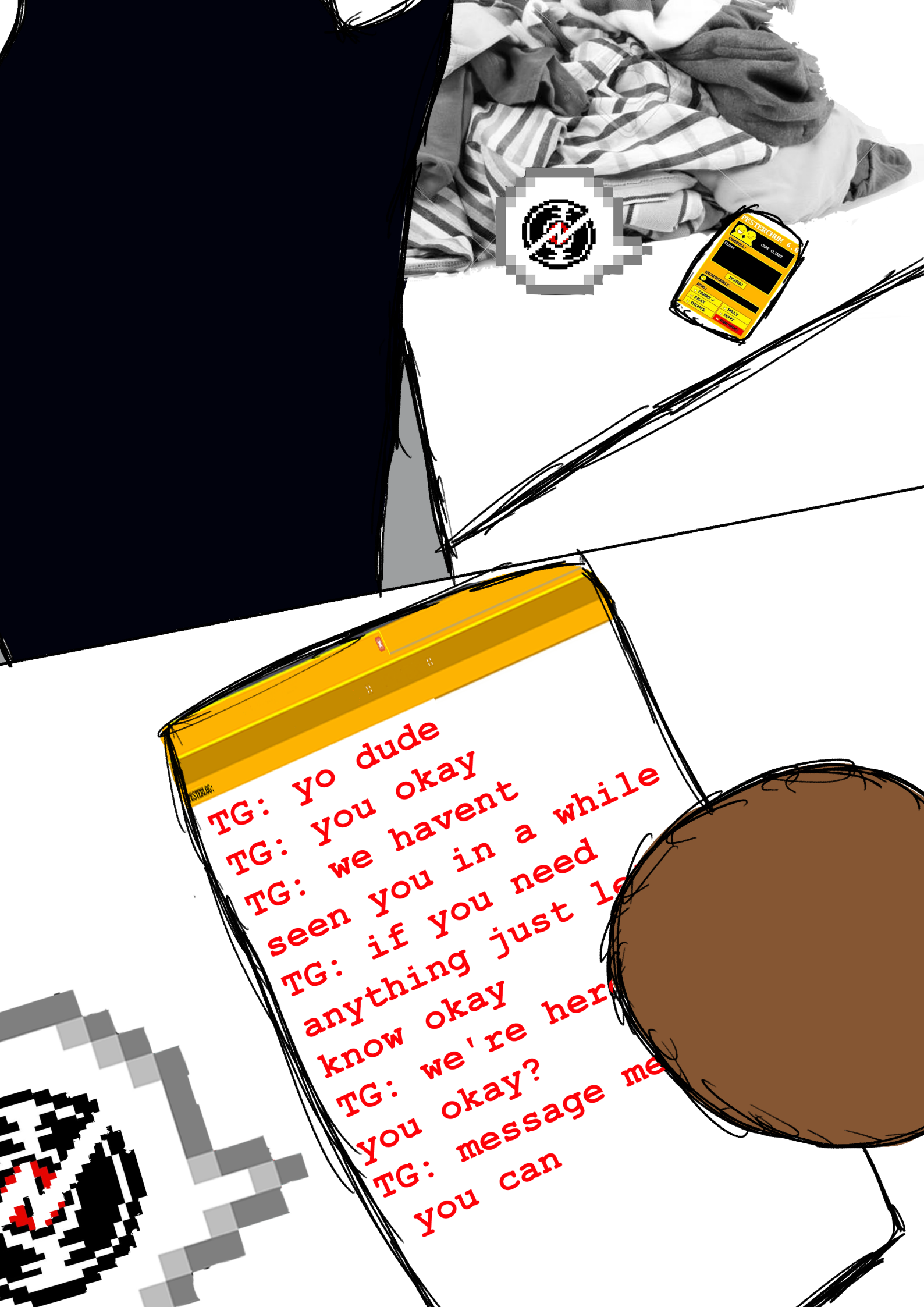
Bro-Yo Ma? I gave the game, but I gave to keep it real.
to give a shout out who was over it.
going.

Denise wasted mean

crumple

crumple





TG: yo dude
TG: you okay
TG: we havent
seen you in a while
TG: if you need
anything just let
know okay
TG: we're here
you okay?
TG: message me
you can

PESTERLOG:

TG: message me when you can

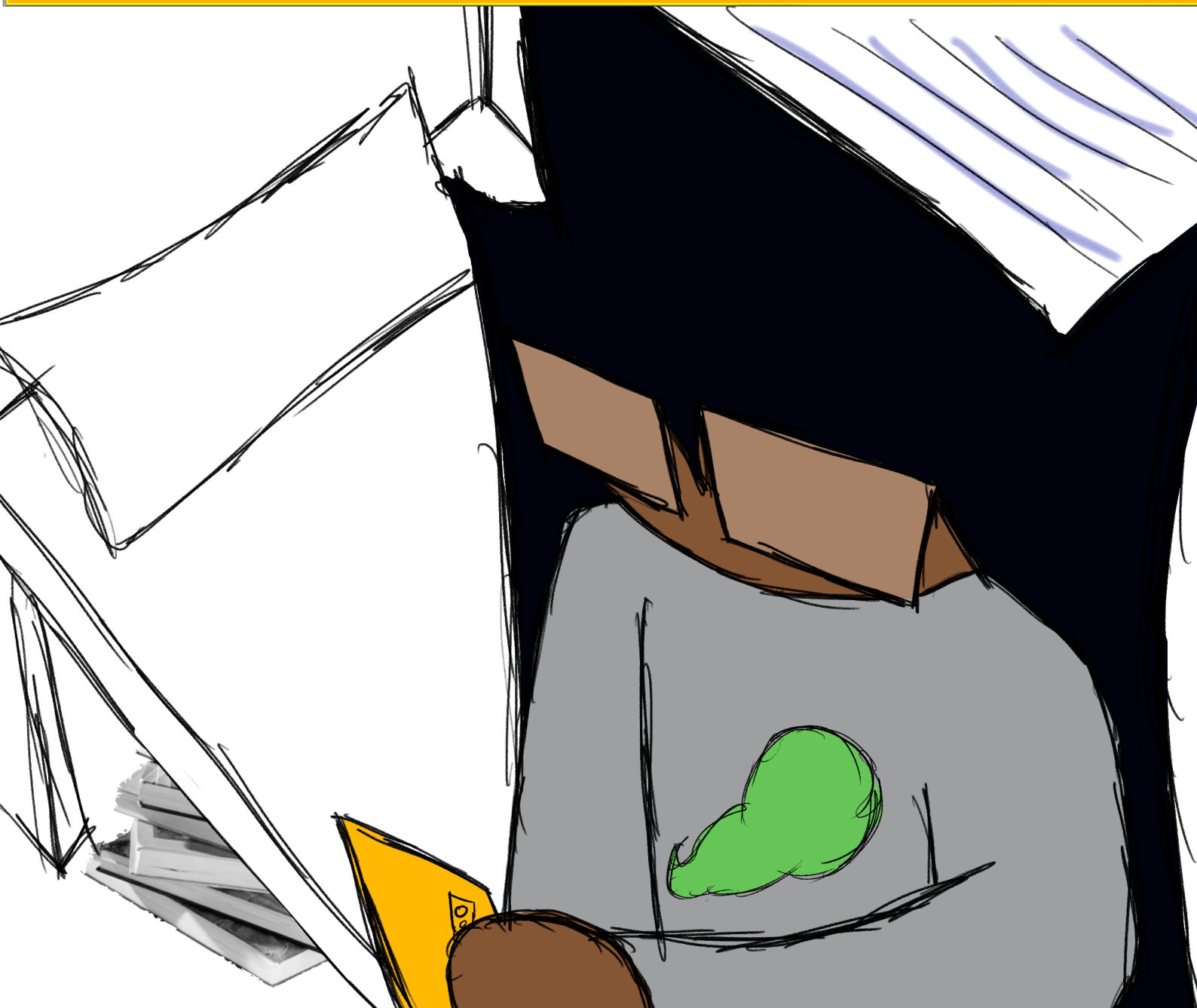
EB: hey! thanks for checking on me.

EB: i'm okay!

EB: i'm just a little tired.

EB: i'm okay, though! don't worry about me :B i'll see you later!

ectoBiologist has gone offline







**tomorrow is
another day.**



"So... did you make this flower?"

The witch and heir sat next to each other in a grassy field, both of them staring at a white flower. They glanced at the flower for a few seconds, then at each other for what seemed like minutes. Other than the rare loud sigh or hesitant breath in, the only sound was the grass whistling to the clouds. The question lingered in the wind, gripping onto the breezes tightly. Who made this flower?

"I didn't make it. Did Jane make it?" The witch spoke first. "I know she was in charge of flowers for this area." She stared at the heir as she spoke, never glancing at the elephant in the room. Surely this was just a flower that Jane made recently. All the other fauna were fully grown and bursting with life. This flower was new and shyly showed their white petals. The flower stood alone in the field amongst the grassy patches. The witch tucked a lock of hair behind her ear, holding onto the lock for a new seconds before letting go. Her mind swirled with thoughts of the origin of the flower. It had to be made by Jane because June wasn't in charge of flowers. Perhaps it was made by a troll, but no one had powers like Jane.

"I don't think Jane made it. She's been really busy recently and I don't think she's had the time to just... go and make a single flower," The heir spoke second, watching the witch's movements. Her eyes darted to the flower, sticking on to the soft white petals. "You don't think..."

"No, no, that's impossible."

"...Is it?"

The heir met the witch's gaze. "June. We made all of this-" the witch motioned to the grass, "-there's no possible way that it just... sprouted by itself!"

"I guess... but..."

"But what!" The witch raised her voice, filling it with power and fear. "This earth can't create things naturally because we made this earth! The original earth, we destroyed that! We killed those people! That earth is dead." Her voice became louder and louder, the grass shrinking in fear. The clouds moved into clutters and the sun was soon blocked out. June shrank back in posture as the witch grew in size.

The witch realized what she said the wounds clung to the air. The heir just stared back in fear.

"Jade..." The heir went quiet.

"June, wait, I'm sorry, I didn't-" Jade's eyes were large with sympathy and regret. June just stared at the flower,

sniffing quietly. Jade inched closer to June, the grass falling underneath her legs.

"Did... did we really kill everyone on Earth? Was it our fault?" June looked at Jade.

"Was it my fault?" June's words fell out of her mouth, her lips spreading open and rising with breath. The wind washed against her back, crying out and whipping the grass. Her soft brown eyes filled with hot rain, slowly pouring out on her freckled cheeks. Jade grabbed June's hand and squeezed it softly, softly shushing June. She stared at her sister's sadness and felt her heart drop. Jade caused this sadness. It was her fault.

"June... I'm sorry. I... I know things haven't been good for you. And I'm sorry for what I said. I just..." Jade paused as June wiped the tears off her face. "I'm scared, June. I'm scared of having hope again." Jade sighed. She moved her free hand close to her lap, inspecting her fingers. They were tan from the sun and the scars from the session were slowly fading. Each scar was a reminder of failure.

"...I'm scared of having hope again, too. It's... scary having all this power," June spoke quietly. "Maybe this flower is a sign. That it's okay to have hope again. That things are rebuilding." She looked at the flower and ran her fingers against the petals. Jade looked at June for a moment, then at the flower. June held on to Jade, hugging her softly.

"I'll hope again."

June stares into her dusty, cloudy mirror at nothing in particular. She stares intently into her own eyes, past the glass of the mirror and of the spectacles sitting on her face. She sees...nothing. She's not sure what she would have seen in there, anyway. As she tilts her head to the side, her long, disordered hair falls at her shoulders.

it's getting long, now, she thinks to herself. She should be happy about that, she thinks. It's taken so long to get here. For some reason, though, she has an odd sense of wrongness about it. About all of it. Shouldn't she feel happy and content? She won Sburb, figured out her gender stuff, and now they're all creating their perfect planet. Everything is okay.

It should be, at least. Why doesn't it feel okay?

why don't i feel okay?

June sighs, stepping away from the bathroom mirror and entering her own, dark. room. She steps over unwashed and unfolded piles of laundry and coughs at the dust bunnies scampering about her bedroom. She sits down on her bed, below the closed shutters that are only letting a few slivers of sunlight inside, and picks up her phone.

There are messages upon messages from everyone she knows. June scrolls through an entire echeladder's worth of notifications, her hand becoming shaky and her glasses becoming wet with tears. This time, though, she feels determined. She decides to do something different than the same routine of ignoring, sleeping, eating, and ignoring some more.

ectoBiologist: hey.

tentacleTherapist: Hello, June. Have you been feeling alright?

ectoBiologist: not really...is it okay if i don't talk about it too much?

tentacleTherapist: Of course. You don't have to discuss anything you don't wish to share.

tentacleTherapist: Remember that we're all here for you if you need us.

ectoBiologist: alright...thank you, rose.

June pauses, her fingers hovering over her phone's keyboard as she brainstorms how to word exactly what she wants to say.

ectoBiologist: do you ever feel bad? about the queer stuff?

tentacleTherapist: How do you mean?

ectoBiologist: like...i don't know...

This is a lot harder than she thought it would be.

ectoBiologist: like how we're the only ones left?

ectoBiologist: how we could have had a community and resources and knowledge on earth, but now we're the only ones?

tentacleTherapist: It's alright to feel bad about that. I feel bad about that as well.

ectoBiologist: i just feel like we could have had so much!

ectoBiologist: but we lost it all...

tentacleTherapist: We have a chance to create that community again. We're older and there's more trolls and people like us.

tentacleTherapist: That reminds me. Dave had an idea a few weeks ago about introducing a pride parade. Perhaps that will help kickstart that community feeling again.

ectoBiologist: what about all of that history we lost? I know you guys all figured out your identities way before i did, but all of those resources are just...gone now.

ectoBiologist: sometimes i wish we could have been normal kids...grown up normally and figured all of this out like everyone else on earth did.

tentacleTherapist: I've been writing some books with Kanaya about queer education. We're working with Jane to introduce the books into the curriculum for the schools.

tentacleTherapist: I don't think we would have grown up "normally" even on Earth. We were always destined to be who we are today.

tentacleTherapist: I still struggle with my identity. It's not just something you figure out once and call it

a day. Kanaya is still figuring out her identity and she's our age.

tentacleTherapist: You're not alone in this discovery of identity. We're all here for you, June.

A pride parade...with the consorts, and the carapacians, and the trolls, and all of your friends. That sounds fun. You always saw those on TV and secretly wished your dad would.. Your dad...he never knew, did he? Maybe he picked up on it in your childhood, but you never got to tell him. You always tried to talk to Jane's dad about things once you all got settled, but it wasn't the same. He's not the same.

ectoBiologist: did you guys ever talk to your guardians about any of this? I wish i could have come out to my dad before he...

ectoBiologist: i don't know...i'm sorry. I know i shouldn't feel bad about any of this but...

ectoBiologist: it all feels wrong.

tentacleTherapist: There is nothing to be sorry about. I'm still upset by what we did even though I have a good family and a good life. I wish we didn't play this game.

tentacleTherapist: I never talked to my mother about my sexuality. Well, I never had the time to talk to her. She was always busy doing..

tentacleTherapist: I'm not too sure. I wish I told her when she was still alive, but I can still talk to her.

tentacleTherapist: Not in person, sadly, but I make visits to her grave often. I know I won't have that verbal validation from her, but I still told her. I've come out to her.

tentacleTherapist: Your dad is extremely proud of you. We're all so proud of you, June. You've come so far from when we were just kids. Now, we're building and leading an entirely new world.

tentacleTherapist: We all love you, June.

tentacleTherapist: Kanaya is calling for me. We're planning out some pride outfits together for us and our child. I hope we can see you there.

June wipes her tears away.

ectoBiologist: yeah..

ectoBiologist: yeah you will! i'll be there :B

ectoBiologist: thank you, rose.

tentacleTherapist: Of course.

tentacleTherapist has disconnected.

ectoBiologist has disconnected.

June notices a sudden burst of motivation that wasn't there previously. She feels...well, not happy. Not yet. But...she feels hopeful. Yes, that sounds right. Hopeful. Everything will be okay.

Now...what to wear? Time to do laundry...



DAVE: no wait check this out
DAVE: gonna give the
mayor the swag



LOVE IS EVERYWHERE



COMMUNITY IS EVERYWHERE

With
LOVE From,



The
Maryam Lalondes!
♡

See? I told you.



Heroes are always
destined to win.



*THANK YOU FOR
PLAYING*

zine created by:

@enderslime

and

@moonyfishh

with extra contributions from:

@artsicfox

featuring the fankids of:

@protagonist_of

@gizmotherobo

@Inkmetronic